

JULY
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS

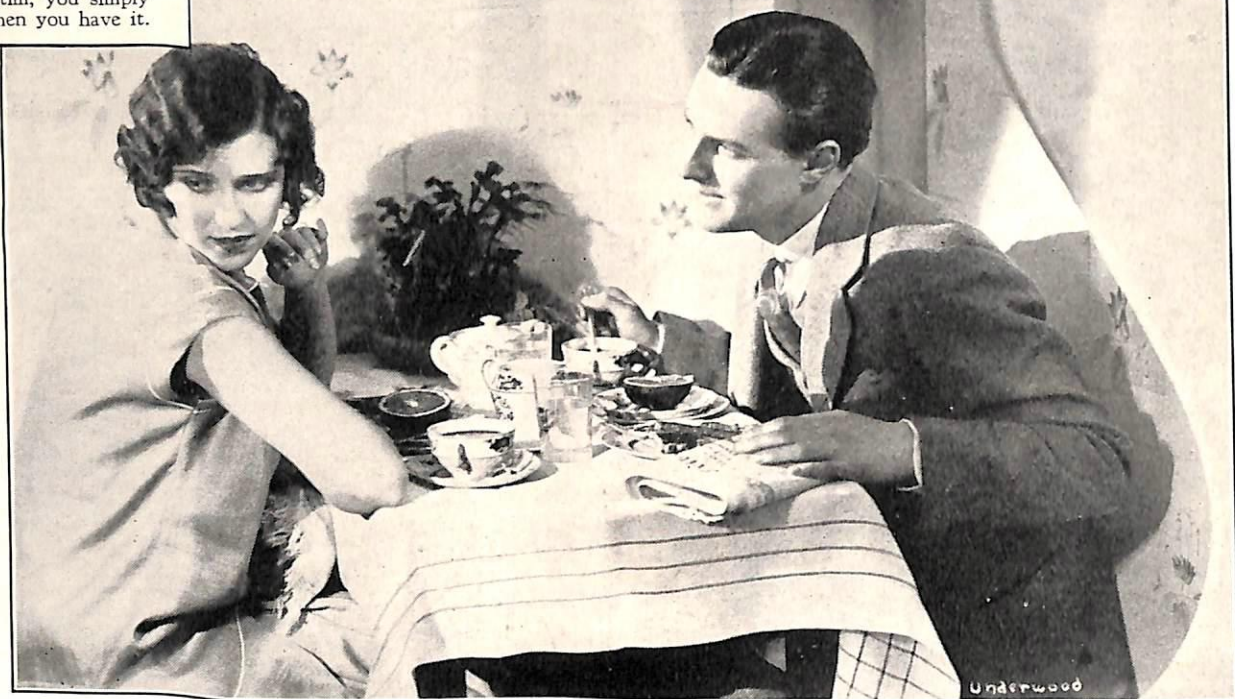


THE RED-HAIRED GIRL AND JOE HATCH *By* ZACK CARTWRIGHT

ALSO OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
WILL IRWIN ++ LAWRENCE PERRY ++ AND OTHERS

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



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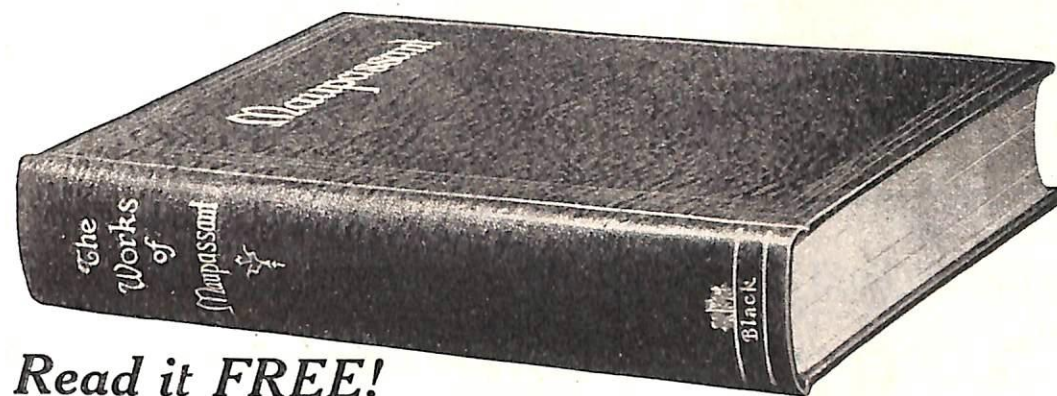
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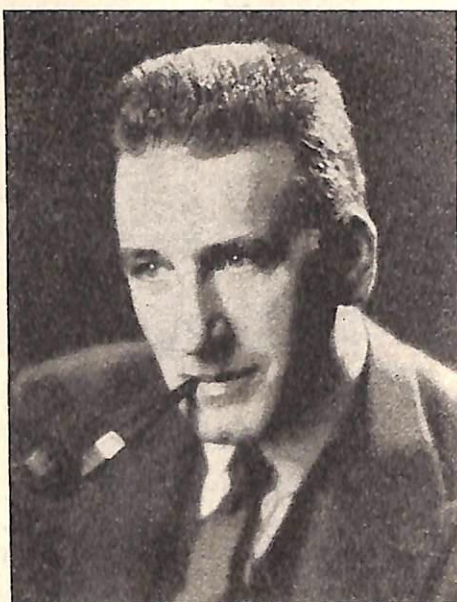
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SNEEZERS and WHEEZERS By Frank Parker Stockbridge

ARE you a sufferer from asthma? Do you pack your bag annually and try to find relief from hay fever in other climes? The author of this article tells you to stop running away, and how to fight these diseases effectively in your own home. Read "Sneezers and Wheezers," by Frank P. Stockbridge in the August issue.

TABLE OF CONTENTS for JULY

The Imperial Potentate's Page	4	The Banal Blonde	28
Important Announcement Concerning The Shrine Magazine	5	<i>(The story of a child who missed the greatest thing in the world—By Mary Badger Wilson Illustration by Addison Burbank)</i>	
The Red-Haired Girl and Joe Hatch	6	WITHIN THE SHRINE	
<i>(The first of a series of stories about Joe Hatch—the trouble hunting kid—By Zack Cartwright Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt)</i>		Editorials	33
Marriage, Limited	12	What the Hospitals are Doing	34
<i>(The second instalment of our serial of love and adventure—By Octavus Roy Cohen Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell)</i>		Around the Caravan Campfire—By Roe Fulkerson	35
The Portrait on the Glowing Wall	17	Who's Who in Shrinedom	36
<i>(Stories of the war told by a newspaper correspondent—Will Irwin Illustrated by Harry Townsend)</i>		Activities of the Temples, Units and Clubs	38
The Eyes of Youth	20	Managing the Motor Meal	42
<i>(A father finds it hard to live up to his son's ideal of him—By Lawrence Perry Illustrated by Harold Anderson)</i>		Tripoli Dedicates Its New Mosque	46
History as Told in Pictures	24	<i>(One of the most beautiful buildings in Milwaukee)</i>	
<i>(O Rare Vacation Time! The eleventh in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment—By Montrose J. Moses)</i>		Making Baby's Care Easier in Summer	50
		Pack up the Pantry in the Old Auto Kit	54
		Advice for Investors	58
		<i>(By Jonathan C. Royle)</i>	
		<i>(Cover design by C. B. Falls)</i>	



F. Britten Austin
author of

The STORM

The story of a stark little drama with a woman's soul as the pawn.
In the August Issue

JULY, 1928

If You Were Down and Out



AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLER their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the "has-beens" and the "also-rans." It gives me a big "kick"—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It's easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real "look-in" on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I'm doing it right along! There's E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000.00 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He'd just landed in Texas with a baby, a sick wife and only \$10.20 in his pocket. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000.00 in profits this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

Amazing Profits

\$17,000 IN ONE DEAL

Eugene Walrath, formerly in the clothing business. Got my scientific System for making money in real estate. Cleaned up \$17,000 in one deal. Free book tells how he did it.

\$5,500 IN 1 WEEK

Evalynn Balster, Chicago widow, school teacher, three children to support, got my System, made \$5,500 in one week on her first real estate deal. Free book tells how!

\$8,500 IN 17 WEEKS

That's the big money Chas. F. Worthen, Fall River, Mass., made with my successful Real Estate System. Free book tells you how I helped him to do it!

\$14,400 IN 6 MONTHS

That's the fat profit H. G. Stewart, Baltimore, Md., made with my remarkable System for making big money in real estate. Stewart is a live wire. Are you? Get my free book and find out!

\$248 FIRST PROFIT

That's the first pin-money Mrs. J. H. Hastings, Jackson, Mich., made with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. She has a fine business lined up. Free book tells how!

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Alfred J. Bennett, Ford Salesman, was earning \$300 a month. Got my Real Estate System. Increased income 200%. Has well equipped office. Just bought new Chrysler Sedan. Free book tells how!

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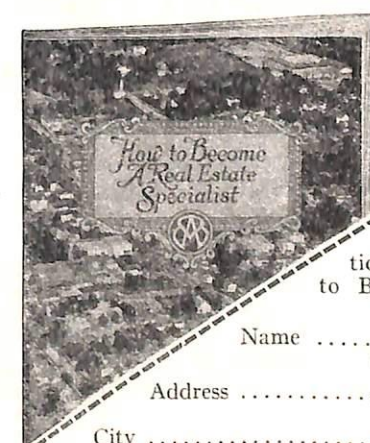
We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time our way than in any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of one thousand dollars in gold to anyone furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as our Real Estate Course.

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The SHRINE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1928

The Imperial Potentate's Message

Not long ago the great Lutheran Church put on a contest for an advertising slogan which best represented the ideals of that church. Out of five thousand answers the slogan selected was "A changeless Christ in a changing world."

Back of every great movement for the good of civilization there has always been some great ideal. Back of every great organization there has always been some great human need which it strove to supply.

The success or the failure of all these movements and organizations has been in proportion to the steadfastness with which they clung to the ideals or the needs for which they were organized.

It is indeed a changing world. It has always been a changing world but never so changeable as in the present age. Since the organization of our beloved Shrine there have been more inventions, more new thought, more changes than ever in the same length of time in the history of civilization.

The Mystic Shrine is an outcropping of the world's oldest organization. In Masonry we have the most lasting, the most permanent organization which has ever been known. The success of this great parent body has been that its fine ideal of the brotherhood of man has never been lost sight of for a moment and its various grand lodges are still conducted under the same principles and same old constitution first adopted in 1717.

There is no place for laughter and gaiety in the meetings of the Ancient Craft. When the Shrine was organized there was a great need which still exists for an organization of brethren who wanted to bring into the solemn old world with all its toiling and moiling more of good, clean, healthy fun.

This was the ideal on which the Shrine was based and is the ideal to which it must cling tightly if it, like its parent Masonry, is to go on making life sweeter, more worth the living.

I yield to no man in love for our Crippled Children's Hospital work. In it we have found an outlet for that kindness which is in the heart of every man who loves to laugh. It is among the laughing, happy men of the world that charity reaches its highest and its best.

Yet in this changing world we must never lose sight of the fundamental idea behind the organization of the Shrine. We must never for a moment forget that its ideal was to plant on the face and in the heart of its Nobility a happy smile where a corrugated frown may have grown before.

Dignity must be unhorsed, the proud and lofty in spirit must be brought low. To use an Irish "bull" one man is as good as another and often times a lot better and each novice must be made to realize this to the music of the laughter of his fellows.

In my short term as your Imperial Potentate and in all the years I have spent in the work of the Shrine before that time it has been impressed on me that the greatest by-product of the Shrine is the wonderful friendships formed in it. Men become friends when they laugh together rather than when they do serious work with each other.

There is something about a mutual joke which brings a smile to the faces of its possessors and which brings a gladness to the heart of every Noble when he sees the emblem of the Order on another man's coat lapel. No two men, each wearing a Shrine pin, can be strangers even though they never saw each other before. Our lips invariably curl up into a smile at the corners when we see the emblem on the other chap's coat.

If there is a message in my heart it is the hope that every Temple in North America and every Noble of every Temple will cling tightly to the fact that good, clean, honest fun is the fundamental thought behind this whole organization and that the tighter we cling to this ideal the greater will be our success.

Yours in the Faith,

Es Selamu Aleikum

Frank Jones
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

WITH a feeling of sincere regret the Publication Committee announces that The Shrine Magazine will cease publication with the December issue of this year. This action is in obedience to a resolution adopted by the Imperial Council at its Annual Session held at Miami, Florida, on May 1, 2 and 3, 1928.

The Shrine Magazine has been published under a definite editorial policy, recommended by the Publication Committee and adopted by the Imperial Council at Philadelphia in 1926; a policy which would appeal not only to the Shriner but to every member of his family. The best popular fiction of the day, by authors of deserved public favor, has been a prominent feature of each issue. Vigorous articles by writers famed for authoritative discussion of important topics have been presented regularly for those who relish reading about the more serious side of life. Service Departments, each conducted by an expert in that particular line, have been maintained for the benefit and pleasure of our readers. And for the Shriner himself, there has appeared each month a concise summary of the activities of the Order throughout the land. The artistry, too, of the most popular illustrators has been employed to add the beauty of form and color that is a symbol of the quality of our Magazine.

From its inception, The Shrine Magazine has been an outstanding publishing success. Its high standard of editorial excellence and its attractive appearance soon earned for it an established position in the roster of important national periodicals. Endorsements from thousands of readers, as well as publishers, writers and critics, indicate its unqualified acceptance as a high class literary journal, national in character, scope and appeal.

A remarkable phase of its success is that every issue from the beginning of the enterprise has earned a net profit. So far as we know, this is a record in the publishing of a national magazine. It has been the policy of the Publication Committee to produce the best magazine possible for the revenue received. As a matter of fact, the cost of manuscripts, illustrations, paper, printing and postage, entirely exclusive of overhead charges, has amounted to more than the subscription of One Dollar a year per member. Advertising income not only made up the difference in actual cost, but produced a large profit as well.

The following figures are taken from the Annual Report of the Certified Public Accountant and Official Shrine Auditor. Our first fiscal year, ending March 31, 1927, showed a net profit of \$95,059.63. Our second fiscal year, ending March 31, 1928, showed an additional net profit of \$113,015.35. Thus, in our first two fiscal years, ending March 31, 1928, a net profit of \$208,074.98 was earned.

The Publication Committee appreciates immeasurably the expressions of satisfaction and good will that have come to us from thousands of the Nobility and their families. Their number and character have been an inspiration in our work, and will be cherished as manifestations of personal and fraternal friendships.

The Shrine Magazine will continue to reach you each month this year, but December is the final issue, and marks the end of our efforts.

THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

The Red-Haired Girl



Joe Hatch

approached the crying girl and politely cleared his throat. "Excuse me," he said, "but 'f you-all are in trouble . . ."

The Red-Haired Girl

between sobs commanded wrathfully, "Oh, sh-shut up! C-can't a girl cry a little if she wants to?"

(Pictures by Harold Von Schmidt)

and Joe Hatch *(By Zack Cartwright)*

*(Introducing with great particularity
Joe Hatch—Trouble-Hunter Extraordinary)*

THAT Joe Hatch, being sound of wind and limb and in approximately his right mind, should have contrived to inaugurate his sojourn in a foreign land by falling headlong into trouble, was not altogether strange. Not to anyone who knew Joe Hatch, that is. Unfortunately, no one in Edson did know the least thing about him and indeed the young man's knowledge of himself up to that time, had consisted largely of rumor and hearsay.

The red-haired girl was sitting in the waiting-room of the Edson House when Joe saw her for the third time, and she was in tears. More strictly, she was crying her head off and seeming to take no little satisfaction in doing so. And when Joe saw her at it and noted how pitifully small she was, and heard the pathetic quality of her sobs, why his heart simply went out to her. Not in so many words, but it amounted to that. He approached with his wide hat held away from his head and politely cleared his throat.

"Excuse me," he requested, "but I thought maybe you-all was in trouble. I see that feller actin' smart back there at the depot and while a person doesn't like to butt in . . . I'm a stranger myself, from back in the States. 'F you-all are in trouble, though why—"

"Oh, sh-shut up!" the girl commanded him wrathfully. "What could you have done to a man like him? The big brute! I'd like to scratch his eyes out. Go away! C-can't a girl cry a little if she wants to, without some—" She went on with the business of crying.

The lobby of the Edson House being otherwise deserted at that time, Joe was able to effect his retreat without undue loss of dignity. But he practically understood how she felt about it, he thought. She had taken him for one of the fresh kind that was itching for a chance to act big before a lady. Of course she hadn't barely glanced at him and like as not didn't know about when a person come from the South and said "you-all," they was gentlemen and fit to be trusted.

Joe Hatch had first seen the girl as she was boarding the train in Edmonton that morning, though the sight had been in truth as through a glass darkly. The glass was fixed in an immovable window of the smoking car and the darkness resulted from many successive layers of grime adhering to its outer surface. But vague and distorted as the glimpse had been, it sufficed to focus the curiosity of young Mr. Hatch upon her. It would be tolerably comical, he thought, if she should be going on out to the Grande Prairie country as he was. There was the possibility that she was accompanied, of course, and she might have a conveyance of her own from Edson. But if it turned out that she was alone and she took the same stage that he did—a terrible long trip as he understood it and anything might happen on the way . . . And then later when he was located on a job somewhere and had got himself a horse and some Sunday shirts, why—

The train's brakeman had finally put an end to this blissful preoccupation by announcing loudly that the next station would be Edson. And Joe, coming thus to the end of a railway ticket originally much longer than his arm, had gathered up his baggage and teetered along the aisle to be the first one down.

She was only a little bitty thing, Joe saw, when she appeared; little and kind of scared. At least her glance swept watchfully over the crowd gathered on the station platform and she did seem to hesitate briefly at each descending step. Once down, however, she had elbowed her way briskly through the crush and set out toward the village. And just as she was passing the end of the building an unpleasantness occurred. A man stepped round the corner and halted her.

He was not swarthy enough to meet the requirements of conventional villainy, being of a lively red color as to hair, complexion and clothing. At least the generous upper half

of him was clothed in this shade and he planted himself in front of the girl with feet wide apart and hands on hips in the correct manner for registering "Aha." But the girl did not start back in alarm or clutch at her breast to any extent. She behaved in fact very reasonably, merely dropping her handbag on one of the policeman's prominent feet. Then with her own arms placed akimbo she began to light right into him.

Bits of their conversation floated back to Joe Hatch. He heard, "—think you're going?" from the man, and the girl's "What's it to you?" in pert rejoinder. There was a good deal of this and the policeman's face got redder if possible, with the restraint imposed upon him, for three inverted dog-legs on either arm proclaimed the man to be a sergeant and hence vociferous by training and inclination. When he had said all, or nearly all, the girl submitted a crushing rebuttal. She raised herself on tip toe bringing her small face pugnaciously close to the sergeant's and from this position puffed out her cheeks and thrust forth an inch or more of scarlet tongue. Then she said, "Bleh!" quite defiantly, snatched up her handbag and continued her way toward the village.

Joe Hatch had picked up his turkey, or small telescoping valise, and bed-roll and followed, greatly cheered by what he had seen and heard. It was becoming apparent to him that of the lies he had heard concerning the Mounted Police and their invincibility, possibly not more than half were true. He deduced that if a pint-sized whiffet like her could bluff one of them, a man of his own bearing could make one ill by looking cross-eyed at him. This was a material error on Joe's part, though he was far from suspecting it; he proceeded to the Edson House where later he was to find the girl reduced to tears.

"**A**ND what's more, if uncle Ab had 'a weighed another four pounds he'd 'a hung him."

Joe had found an audience; two of them in fact, if the girl was only listening. And it was possible that he would shortly be able to remove any doubt she might entertain as to his manly skill and expertness.

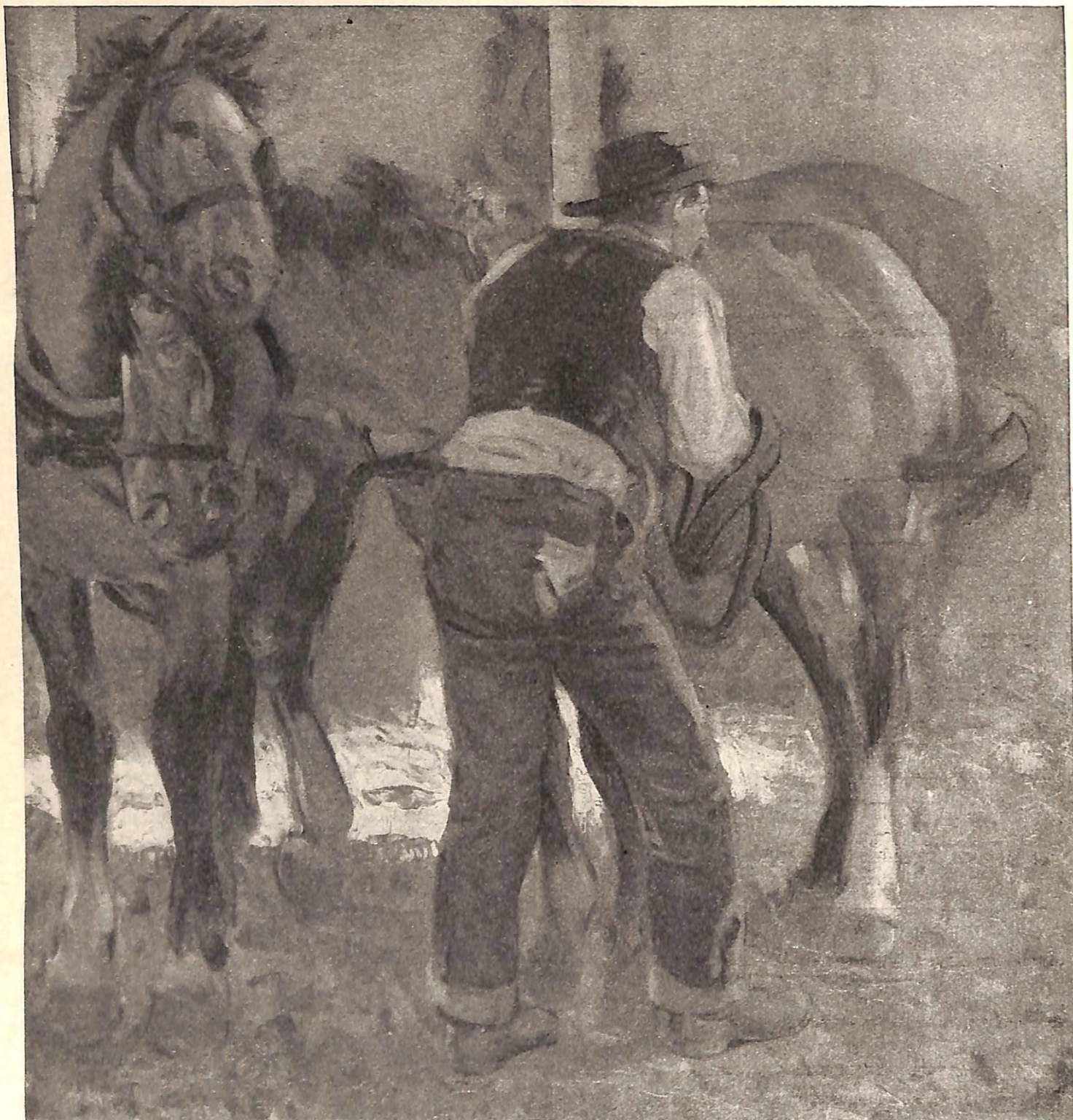
Dad Andrews clucked and wagged his head, quite handsomely impressed. "And the man hadn't only threatened to cuff his own wife! Must be a terrible tough country down there, what I hear. Don't seem like they hardly need a good excuse to get 'em stirred up, does it?"

Joe Hatch objected that it wasn't so easy to understand as that. "Certain things counts more down there than what they do up here," he explained. "Like if a feller insulted a woman, now—things that most people wouldn't think was any of their business. Well any man that was some account would make it his business in that country. You-all take my case now; how I come to be up here in Canady, might as well say."

Dad Andrews leaned closer against the inner or dispensing side of the bar and fixed on Joe his trustful brown eyes that protruded somewhat from their sockets. Expectation was written large on his countenance.

This was the first time Dad had ever talked personally with a dangerous character like you read about in stories. He offered himself a liberal bet that the young fellow carried a gun on him right now, and had changed his name when he crossed the boundary line.

Joe meantime stood leaning sidewise over the bar with his hat thrust forward and over to one side so that from under the cover of its brim he could observe the reactions of his audience and govern himself accordingly. He desired to give a convincing performance. Facing him from the mirror of the bar along with the reflection of Dad Andrews' generous back and his own image was that of the girl, projected through the doorway of the adjacent room. Her name was Alma Bradley



as Joe had learned by consulting the hotel register, and Dad Andrews had volunteered the further information that probably everybody on Grande Prairie would know her old man, Jim Bradley. He had a place somewhere in the Kleskun Hills.

As the action of his narrative advanced Joe was gratified to note that her attention had been captured. He had made her listen. Dad Andrews allowed his mouth to open and so brought the whole of his expression into perfect composition with the bulging eyes. Joe had only to steady himself a little and swing into the part where old Gorley Parrish crept down through the brush toward Cousin Lum with Joe himself creeping down on Parrish. It looked mighty like ending in a double killing. And all over nothing, lots of people might say. It was merely that his Cousin Lum had whupped Parrish's boy for snickering when Lum and his girl walked past. Joe added quite loudly that it showed how men behaved themselves where he come from.

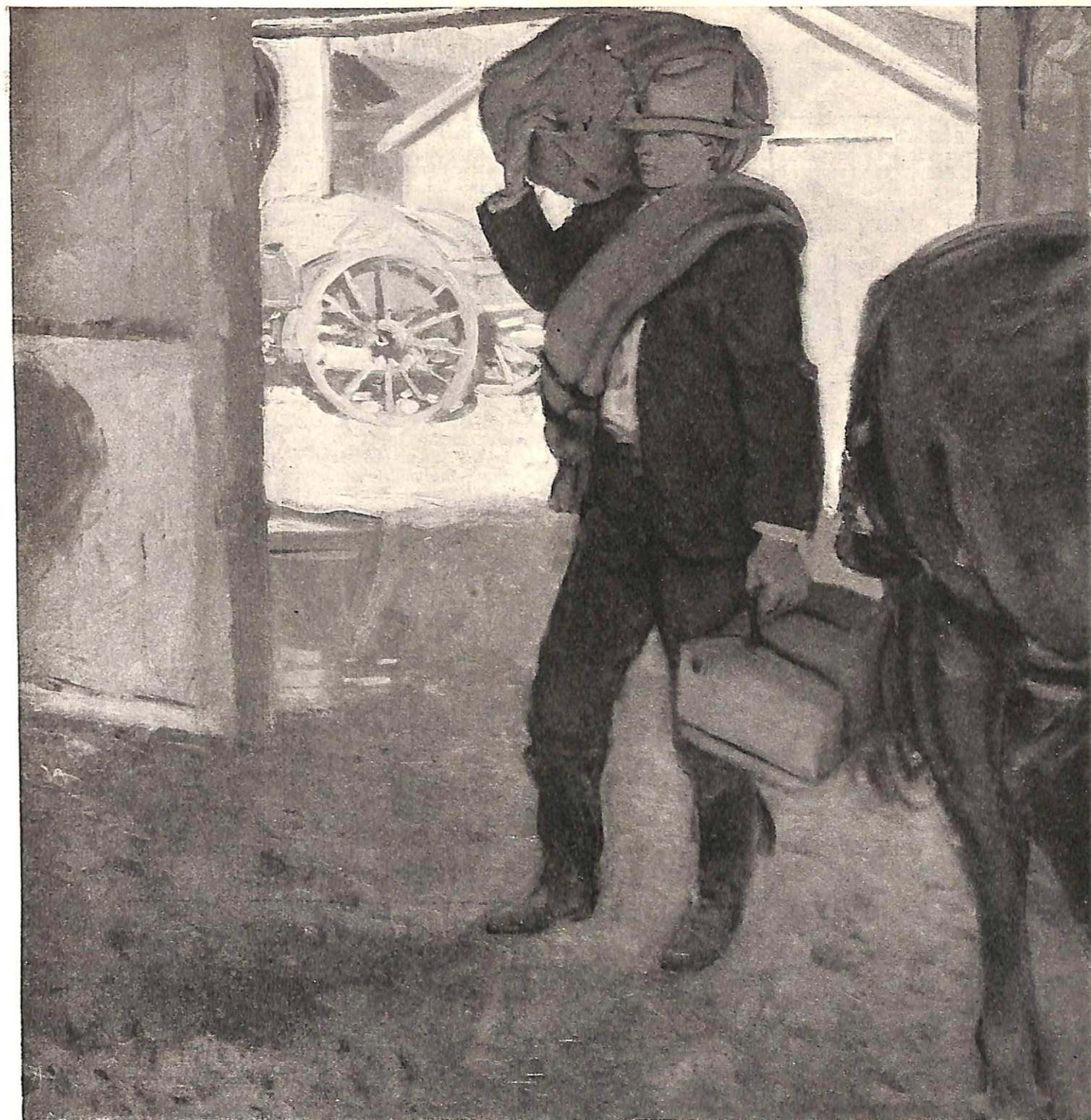
But he was natural craftsman enough to build up suspense for the end of his instalment. He got old Parrish well within range before drawing down on him.

"I could take you if I wanted to but I don't," the driver of ples. A driver's got trouble enough without havin'

"And the last I see," Joe finished it, "was when he pitched forrad into the buck-brush. That's where they found him, I reckon; old Bets here don't generally lie about things like that."

He swept his free hand down to his waist and as it reappeared he laid on the bar an enormous destructive-looking revolver. The thing had thick slabs of bone or ivory riveted to its handle and the midriff or storage section of it was bloated and distended ominously in all directions. In appearance it was somewhat rusty and worn, but no expert knowledge of firearms was required to see that this was indeed the grandsire of all the six-guns.

Dad Andrews let out the breath he had been holding and said "Gosh!" in a voice that exactly fitted his expression. There remained no doubt whatever in his mind but he was talking freely with a young buck who had killed at least one man and was on the dodge this minute.



the stage coach told Joe. "Passengers is against my principle to listen to a bunch of gab offen passengers."

Joe Hatch himself was far from being unaffected by his story. Never before had he laid it on quite so thick. But then never before had he been furnished with such an inspiring audience as Dad Andrews and the red-haired girl, between them, constituted.

It remained now to see if the story stuck. There was no question in the case of Dad Andrews, but he couldn't be certain of the girl. A cautious glance at the mirror showed her staring wide-eyed but dubious about swallowing, as an infant on finding strange food in its mouth. Joe asked himself why couldn't she show a little faith, cuss it, and turned away from the bar to scowl at the front door and wish mightily that something terrible would happen right there to give him his chance. It was just then that the long skinny arm of coincidence reached out and set up Joe Hatch to an opportunity; the local Sergeant of Mounted Police passed in front of the window.

Police! Sheriffs! Rangers! His reaction was instinctive and genuine, so complete had been his absorption in the heroic rôle of bad-man. Before one could have uttered the brief interjectory, "Scat!" Joe Hatch had bounded sidewise in alarm; had flattened himself against the partition wall and was covering the front door with his monstrous weapon. Nor could one have understood from seeing him, that this sudden defensive gesture was not a thing born of violent experience, but was merely an impulse of auto-intoxication induced by his own mendacity.

Certainly Dad Andrews had no such idea as this. One glance at the menacing figure of his guest and he gripped the edge of the bar with both hands and shut his eyes.

When he opened them again, young Mr. Hatch was smiling thinly at him from across the room. Fortunately for himself and Joe Hatch and also for Dad Andrews the Sergeant of Mounted Police had not turned in for his customary afternoon's mug of stout, but had continued to march solidly on.

"Have somethin'?" inquired Dad Andrews when he found that he could speak.

When Joe returned to the hotel's reception room he had no difficulty whatever in discovering that his rating with the girl had been advanced. She rose, gulped nervously and essayed the making of a smile.

"I hope you'll overlook my being so—so upset at you," she volunteered. "I didn't realize . . . Anyhow I was still mad about, you know; the way he behaved over there."

"It's all right, lady," Joe assured her with becoming charity. "Only just tell me this; is that guy the boss of you or anything?"

"Certainly not! Nobody can boss me, even if he is—"

Joe flagged her to a stop. "There's one that can!"

Her surprised stare disturbed him not at all; he met it with a scowl of sheer mastery. It was in this interval that he observed that her eyes were so blue they looked naked, almost. Her hair was not so terrible red as some he'd seen but still pretty red. Emerging victor from the optical engagement he continued. "I think I got this proposition about straight. You want to go into Grande Prairie and he's lettin' on to keep you from it. Is that right?"

The girl nodded a subdued affirmative.

"Well, you're goin'," Joe promised.

"Oh, but I can't, now. He went to the stage people and told them not to take me."

Joe waved aside these obstacles as a mere detail. "I said you was goin', didn't I? Just leave everything to me! I'll fix it."

He would step down to the stage place himself, he said, and size up the lay of land. Likely they'd see reason a lot quicker when a man talked to them.

But he did not find any marked spirit of conciliation pervading the office of Benson and Miller, stage and mail contractors, when he presented himself there. To his inquiry as to the chances of transportation, Tommy Benson replied that the fare was twenty-four dollars in cash, not conversation, payable in advance. Did he wish to invest? When Joe said he did, Benson flipped over a stout square of cardboard bearing the legend; "Haul bearer," and the firm name and the date. "Got a big load for tomorrow?" asked Joe.

"Big enough," Benson assured him. "There's you and an old bushy-whiskered man, two in all. And no more! Between the mail and express and the road being pure swamp

where it's not ridges and stumps, two passengers is plenty." "It says here," Joe indicated his cardboard ticket, "to 'haul bearer.' If I was to lose it 'tween now and tomorrow what would happen?"

Benson thought that people who couldn't keep ahold of their tickets would likely find themselves walking it.

Joe fancied he saw the beginnings of a plan here. "If I did lose it though, whoever found it could go, couldn't they?"

Tommy Benson was becoming irritated about it. "If you mean should any red-headed gal show up here with a ticket, which we certainly wouldn't sell her one, with the Sergeant passin' the word not to, why the answer is no."

Joe took a few moments for stalling in the office doorway and wondering bleakly where he was to find inspiration for the clever scheme he had promised himself to father. He had bought the ticket meaning to hand it to the girl for her own use, then later he was going to buy another for himself. But Benson had demonstrated the absurdity of this plan by anticipating Joe's intentions. There was a wagon standing beside the office, an ordinary farm wagon with a canvas tarpaulin covering its load. Joe stared at it hopefully for another few moments and such inspiration as he was to receive came from it.

"Is that there the stage?" he asked Tommy Benson and indicated the vehicle outside.

"Yes," agreed Benson, "it is. But don't fool around it 'cause the King's mail's all loaded, and people that monkeys with the mail up here gets shot or hung or both."

Joe had no interest in the penalties of monkeying with the King's mail; he was already on his way to apprise the girl of his plan. It had been born full grown and it fitted miraculously into the gap left by Benson in his discourse on eventualities. The girl wouldn't show up there in the morning but she would have a ticket. And she would go. As for himself, he would simply have lost his ticket and if Benson refused to sell him another at the last moment, why he would start acting mean.

Being prompted by something akin to commonsense, Joe omitted the principal feature of his plan when he related it to the girl that evening. He had done what he promised only she had got to be at the place before getting-up time in the morning. The girl demurred timorously and requested details of the plot. It wasn't any use asking, Joe told her. "Only I've taken the trouble to see to it like I said."

Her curiosity remaining thus unsatisfied, it is doubtful if the girl slept that night. In any case she foregathered at the appointed time and place. And Joe Hatch was there, warning her in loud whispers to be quiet as he led her to the canvas-shrouded wagon. He threw back a corner of the canvas and invited her to look at the nest he had made ready amid the mail sacks. But for some queer reason all desire to travel seemed to leave the girl. She shuddered and drew back.

"What, me get in there and be covered up and maybe smothered?"

"Git in," Joe Hatch entreated her. "Do you want somebody should see us here, triffin' with the mail, so'd I'd probably have to shoot 'em down for us to escape?"

He had taken her arm with one hand and with the other hauled forth the monstrous Betsy gun. Towering over her in the half light and waving the pup cannon about as a threat to imaginary enemies, he scarcely permitted the poor girl her choice. She promptly got in. Barely was she settled down however, when she sat up again.

"How about when we get away from town and I break out of here? Will it be all right with the driver?"

"It's gotta be!" Joe whispered. "You hand him your ticket and I'll see that he takes it. Me and old Bets will. Git down!" Joe enforced his request by drawing the tarpaulin over the girl and lashing it fast again.

Having no wish to delay the start, Joe made his official appearance at the stage office an hour later bearing his bed-roll, his turkey, and his saddle carefully swathed in a gunny-sack. The office was deserted and with only a loud cough by way of reassurance to the girl in her hiding place, Joe went on to the stables. There he found the driver,

a grouchy and misanthropic individual, languidly harnessing.

Joe reckoned affably that the driver might have heard that he was to be a passenger on the stage that day? The driver said yeah and what about it? Nothing, only Joe had just done a blame fool thing and he supposed it would cost him money; he had burned up some old junk from his pockets on the evening before and along with it his ticket! So now he guessed he'd have to ask the driver to sell him another. The driver gave tongue to a hollow mocking sound and informed Joe that there wasn't a Chinaman's chance!

"I could if I wanted to but I don't. Passengers is against my principles! A man's got trouble enough keepin' four dugouts on their feet and travelin' without havin' to listen to a bunch of gab offen passengers. Besides I'm puttin' in that brown one there and he's green and he'll prob'ly rattle easy without a lot of talk. You wait and see Benson about buyin' you another ticket. It ain't likely he'll object to takin' double fare offen you."

Joe went outside to feast his eyes on the sunshine slanting overhead and the black sticky mud under foot and the jungle growth of poplar and birch and willow and scrub jack-pine that hemmed the bleached village of Edson in to the railroad. It was a fine country, Joe Hatch told himself.

He was not stopping here and so could afford to be uncritical. The Grande Prairie country was his destination and he had the word of a dozen persons that there was a grassy well-watered plateau designed for the purpose of rearing prime beef cattle. It was Joe's ambition to distinguish himself along lines related to that industry; to drive longhorn steers to market and be a genuine cowboy himself. The high clear call of destiny was ringing in his ears; he longed to find a romantic epoch in transition that he might participate in it.

On his sense of history Joe Hatch would have graded extra fancy, but his sense of geography was an utter blank. Otherwise he would have known that he was about to make an awkward mistake; that where he expected to find mile after mile of raw cattle, there might be an occasional lone pair of steers enspanned to the beam of a walking plow and urged on by some ruthless homesteader; that its gentle green undulations were already freckled with unsightly log shacks and that even then was the faint quavering cry of the mortgage to be heard in the land above the sterile oaths of oxen-drivers and the rattle of horse-powered threshing machinery.

But Joe Hatch did not know this or even a part of it. So he stood there enjoying the scene and thinking complimentary thoughts of himself and the auspicious beginnings of his new life in this foreign land. There had been presented to him ready-made, such opportunities for proving his quality as a man might seek throughout his lifetime without finding. A nice girl, good looking enough for anybody, in distress and turning to him for protection against a big loud bullying policeman.

The driver interrupted this reverie. He appeared at the stable door with two horses in tow and invited Joe to hitch them to the lead-bars while he fetched out the others. The young green horse, which was brown, was placed in the pole team where, as the driver explained, he wouldn't have a chance to dog it. The hitching of him was accomplished without incident.

When the driver had taken his seat and gathered up the reins, he spat solemnly to one side and uttered a peremptory: "Grup!" He aimed to turn the rig around and stop at the office door for his passengers. But the brown horse declined to leave the spot. He balked.

That is not to say that he contented himself with remaining there. On the contrary. When, at the driver's gruff command, the leaders and the brown's mate eased themselves

into motion, the forward lurch of the neck-yoke drew the pole-strap tight and with it the straps connecting with his breeching. This produced an unfamiliar ticklish sensation under his belly and he turned quivering in the traces and looked back to determine the cause of it. Discovering the wagon, probably a total stranger, about to bump him playfully in the rear, he responded in like humor by letting fly with both heels and kicked most of the dashboard away from in front of the driver's feet.

Thereupon a number of things occurred. The driver, who had drawn his body sharply back, cried out loudly but incomprehensibly. His cries were stilled promptly when the playful brown horse let out a whistling snort and tried again. Balancing neatly on his front legs he planted volley after volley into the now sulphurous air around the driver's head. Then suddenly he stood marking time with all four feet.

Tommy Benson came running from the office requesting to be told what in blazes was the matter.

"He's a balker!" explained Joe Hatch.

"A kicker," the driver amended. "The worst 'un I ever saw. Start him! I don't drive 'em lessen they'll start."

With this ultimatum the driver edged over in his seat and waited with great patience while Benson cast about him for something in the nature of a starting device. He found presently an old long-handled shovel but when he essayed a shot from the back-field, the horse cleverly kicked the equivalent of two coal-scuttles of mud into his face.

The period of play ended with the brown horse still kicking, and the driver demanding that Benson take this one out or slap him, the driver, in the mitt with his pay. It was rapidly becoming the sort of thing that could not go on indefinitely. Doubtless the brown one foresaw that and the reluctance he had been displaying turned into an active distaste for the whole proceedings. Whereupon, suiting the action to some such words, he threw a proper fit.

It consisted first, in his uttering a high squealing bawl, vibrant with nasal resonance, and then launching himself in a flying tackle at his team mate. That phlegmatic creature staggered sidewise and in a floundering effort to recover himself fell sprawling on top of the brown one which was already down across the wagon pole. They smashed the pole in two, and lay there in a mass of squirming and groaning horseflesh.

After the leaders had been detached the driver and Benson each found a horse's head to sit on and did it. Most of the struggling had subsided and only dismal groans came from the brown's team-mate. Brownie, though underneath, continued to squeal his defiance from time to time. Joe Hatch chose the moment to inform Benson that he would not give ten dollars for the brown horse just as he lay.

Now this Benson was not an amiable man at all. So he said to Joe Hatch hotly: "Who the devil asked you for an offer?"

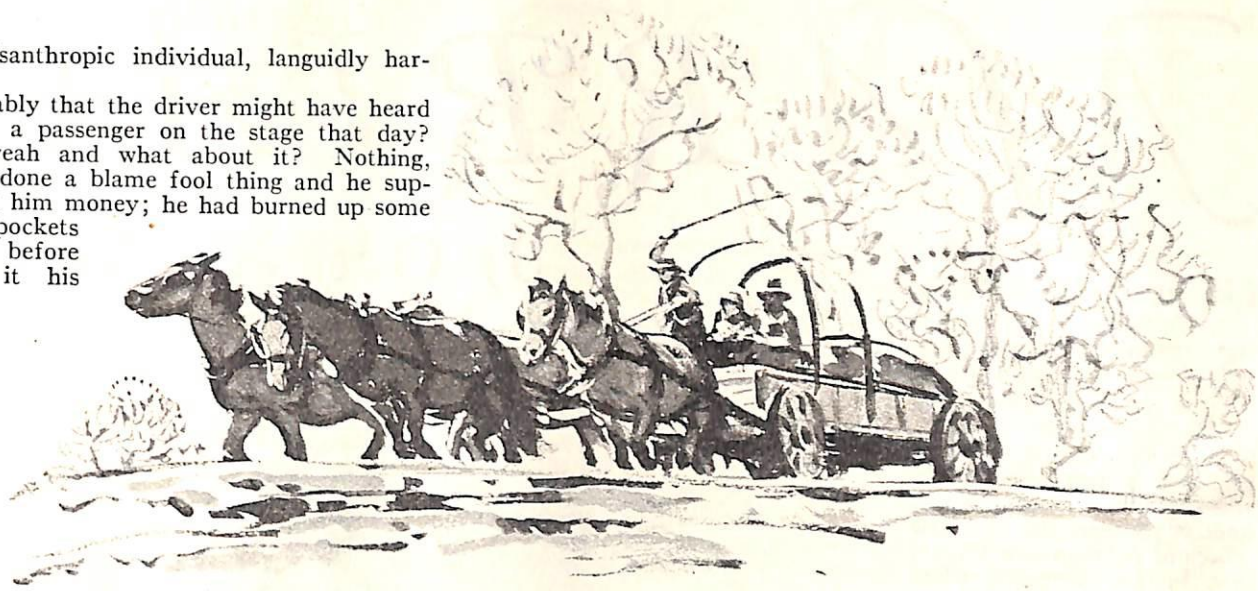
"I kind of thought you wanted to get shut of him," explained Joe.

"Yeah, give him a deal Benson," the driver urged, "or else he'll be all day tellin' me just what he'd 'a' done."

And because he was still angry enough to want to spite somebody, Benson sold the brown [Continued on page 47]



Peppered hotly by a few high shots the brown horse forgot the business of throwing Joe Hatch and took prompt flight out of town.



MARRIAGE,

By Octavus Roy Cohen

(What Has Gone Before—

YOUNG Larry Wycoff, his lean jaw set in a manner which had betokened calamity to many a tackler on Southern gridirons a few years back, was working intently on a knotty problem in the law offices of Aikman and Waterlow, in Los Angeles, when suddenly and without knowing why, he got up, went to the door leading into the big reception room, and looked out. In an ecstatic flash he understood the impulse that had prompted his action. A girl had just entered the anteroom. Larry knew her by sight only—Tyra Karlson, the lovely motion picture actress—but he had never forgotten his first devastating glimpse of her. Pushing past the office boy he stood before her while she told him of her appointment with Mr. Aikman. He escorted her to that gentleman's office, his eyes following her idolatrously. Five minutes later he found himself again before her—this time in answer to a summons from Mr. Aikman followed by the request that, as Mr. Aikman had another appointment, he, Larry, take Miss Karlson to lunch.

By the time Larry and Tyra were facing each other at lunch they were laughing and chatting like old friends. When Tyra left him to return to the studio she assured him they would meet again. Larry, realizing his hopeless infatuation for this gorgeous girl, was astounded the next morning when Mr. Aikman asked him if he would like to marry Miss Karlson, provided he had the opportunity. Aikman related that the Aragon Film Corporation had recently brought Tyra from Sweden, only because her director, whom they wanted badly, refused to come without her. In her first American picture her appeal was so unmistakable that Aragon knew it had a "find." Immediately another picture corporation offered her a contract which Aragon did not desire to meet. Aikman, Tyra's lawyer, realized that Aragon would resort to strategy in order to keep her. The Immigration Laws permit the picture companies to bring in alien actors for whom they are responsible, and the government or the particular company can have these aliens deported at any time as they are not citizens. But these laws make it easy in the case of a woman, to become a citizen of the United States. All that is necessary is for her to marry an American citizen and live with him for one year. "If Tyra marries," Aikman told Larry, "she can at the end of a year get her citizenship papers and Aragon's power over her is gone. The marriage will be merely a form, although no one must know that, and a divorce

can be quietly arranged at the end of the year, unless by that time she and her husband decide that they prefer not to live apart. Furnhjelm, who is really a very fine man, has advised that she take these steps to acquire citizenship which she could not get for many years under the ordinary immigration routine." Larry fought against his impulse to accept, fearful of what Tyra would think of a man who would be willing to marry under such circumstances, but he was too romantic to resist the lure. He consented. Until the day she had lunch with him, Tyra had rejected the idea of this marriage for expediency. But now it seemed to her like a glorious, dangerous adventure!

(Illustrations by
C. D. Mitchell



CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LIMITED

(A Gallant young Southerner comes to the aid of a lovely Girl in the most daring and romantic adventure of his life

her moment of embarrassment with a light laugh and an easy remark to Conrad Aikman.

The tension had passed as quickly as it formed. They were seated about the table, talking lightly of things which interested all of them. Yet Larry could not forget the vision which he had seen—of himself at one end of the table and Tyra at the other—facing each other . . . In that revealing instant he had forgotten Aikman and Furnhjelm, forgotten everything except Tyra and himself.

With the help of Tyra's poise and her flashing wit; with the added support of Furnhjelm's cosmopolitanism and of Aikman's suavity—Larry's reserve soon vanished. Before long he was telling of his exploits as a motion picture actor.

"Little did America suspect what was happening when it saw 'The Fringe of Romance,'" he chuckled. "It didn't dream that it was gazing upon the American screen debuts of Tyra Karlson and Lawrence Shelby Wycoff."

Tyra's eyes met his across the table. "I have seen you in 'The Fringe of Romance' picture, Larry."

"You saw me? When?"

"Today. This morning. I urge' the nicest operator to run that picture for me in the projection room. I told him I wish' to study my technique. Actually, I look through all the mobs for you, and finally I see you. I think, Larry, that you were ver' terrible."

Aikman burst out laughing. "I thought so, too, Tyra. He looked like he didn't know where he was, but did know he didn't belong."

"You say many dids and didn'ts, Mr. Aikman, but I think I know what you mean. I fear my Larry is not to be a great actor."

Larry looked up startled. He did not hear Aikman's answer, nor what words Furnhjelm was uttering in his deep, resonant voice. He looked intently at Tyra. He wondered whether she knew what she had said—whether anyone knew.

Her Larry! He repeated her words to himself—"I fear my Larry is not to be a great actor!" She didn't appear to know that she had said anything, yet just when he was convinced that the remark had been unconscious, he saw her eyes flash to his and noticed that she gave an infinitesimal shrug and a long, challenging glance from the corners of her eyes. Just a look—a gesture—for him. It admitted him to a plane of intimacy and made his heart sing.

Eventually the meal was finished. They rose and moved into the living-room. And until the clatter of dishes had disappeared from the diningroom they did not touch on the subject which had brought them together. It was Furnhjelm who spoke of it first.

"And now, you young folks, what do you think?"

Larry did not answer. He waited for Tyra to speak—and thrilled to her words.

"It is Larry who is being called upon to make the great sacrifice," she said. "Suppose we hear what he will say."

The young man looked up. His eyes focused upon Furnhjelm's appraising eyes. "I have discussed it at length with Mr. Aikman. If Tyra is certain that she should marry—a stranger—and that I will suit . . ." His voice trailed off, then he finished bravely: "I shall feel complimented to be permitted . . . Oh! thunder—Yes, I'd like nothing in the world better than to marry her!"



"Why not try to give him a little of yourself? Picnic with him occasionally," Julia suggested. "I would like it ver' much," Tyra answered in a strained voice, "but he does not ask me."

DINNER was announced and Tyra and Larry moved into the big diningroom together. Tyra nodded Furnhjelm to a seat on her left, and seated Aikman opposite. The roguish little dimple appeared wraithlike for the briefest fraction of an instant as she turned to Larry.

"Will you take the head of the table, Larry?"

He bit his lip and moved to the seat she designated. The three men stood, waiting for her to be seated, and in that instant, Larry's eyes met hers. What message his eyes flashed, he did not know. But her gaze wavered, and then fell before it and some of the color drained from her cheeks. She covered

Larry was abysmally miserable at Tyra's parties. Her friends went out of their way to convince him that they did not understand his absurd position in Tyra's life.

A smile flickered across Furnhjelm's gaunt face. "That is very nice, Mr. Wycoff. And you, Tyra?"

"Why ask me, Gustav, when less than two hours ago you heard me say how glad I'd be!"

"Then it is all decide," Furnhjelm said. "It is sad that your American laws furnish Aragon with a club to beat poor Tyra over the head. But it is glad that those same laws enable her to take the club away from them and do some hitting for herself."

"I'm afraid," Tyra broke in, "that Larry would rather not think of himself as a club."

"Don't mind me, Tyra. Perhaps it is better for me to understand just what I am—right from the beginning—"

"That is not so ver' nice, Larry. We are going to be good friends."

"I hope so! I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't think we would be." His innate sense of humor came to his rescue. "You remember what I told you the first few minutes of our acquaintance, don't you, Tyra?"

"That you have love' me forever and ever? Yes, I remember that, Larry—and it is mos' delightful."

Aikman leaned forward. "When will the ceremony be, Tyra?"

"I should say at once," Furnhjelm answered for her. "These are ver' nice young people, but we must not lose sight of why we are doing this thing. There are certain details—"

"Surely," interrupted Aikman. "We want some reporters there and a photographer or two. I've been thinking . . . and it seems best to let the Aragon crowd read about it in the newspapers."

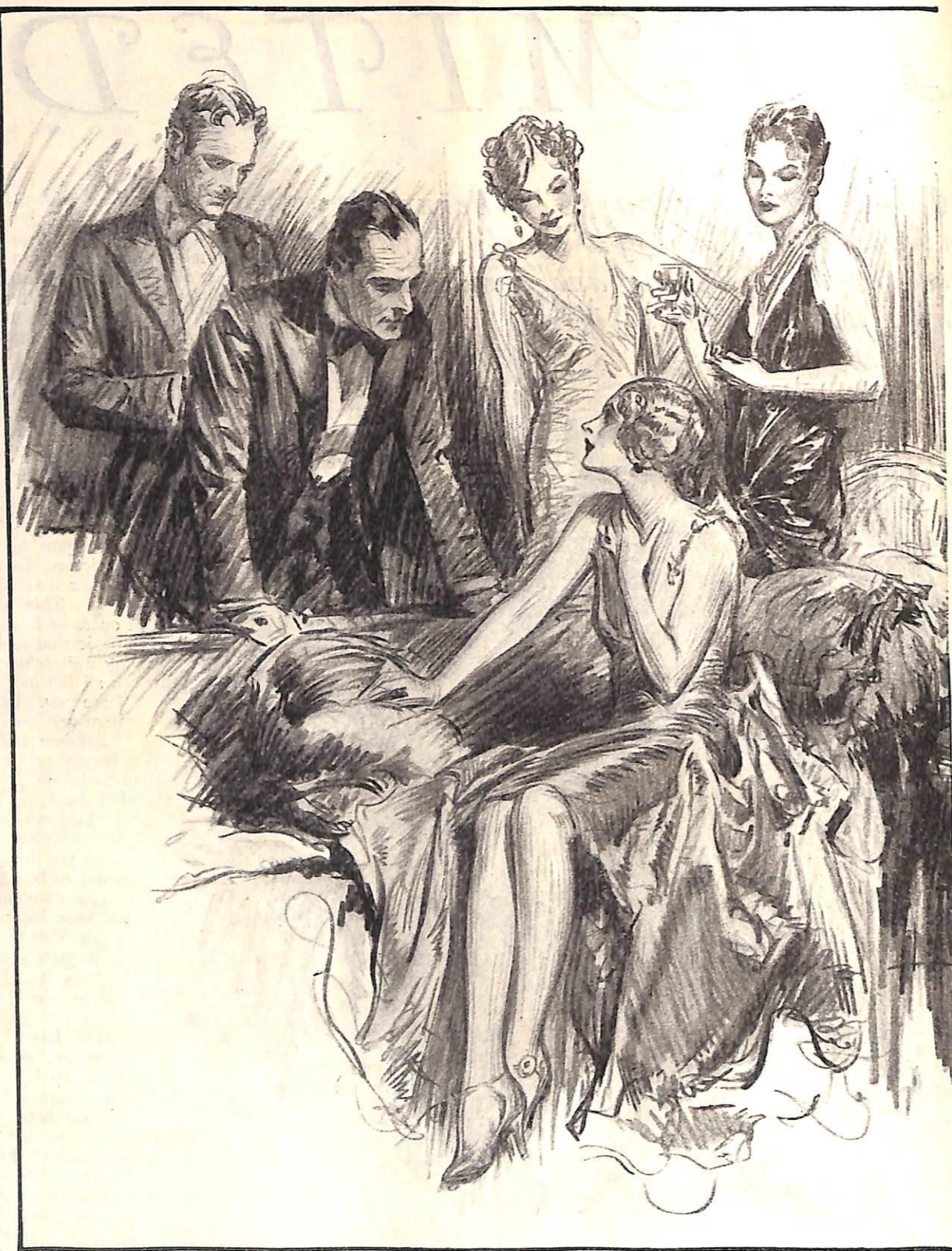
Tyra had been studying Larry. "Tomorrow shall be the wedding, then?" she asked.

"I would suggest that," Aikman replied.

"Shall there be any friends present?"

"I would say not—unless there are some you and Larry particularly wish to ask. Publicity men, of course. And Furnhjelm and myself."

"And afterward?"



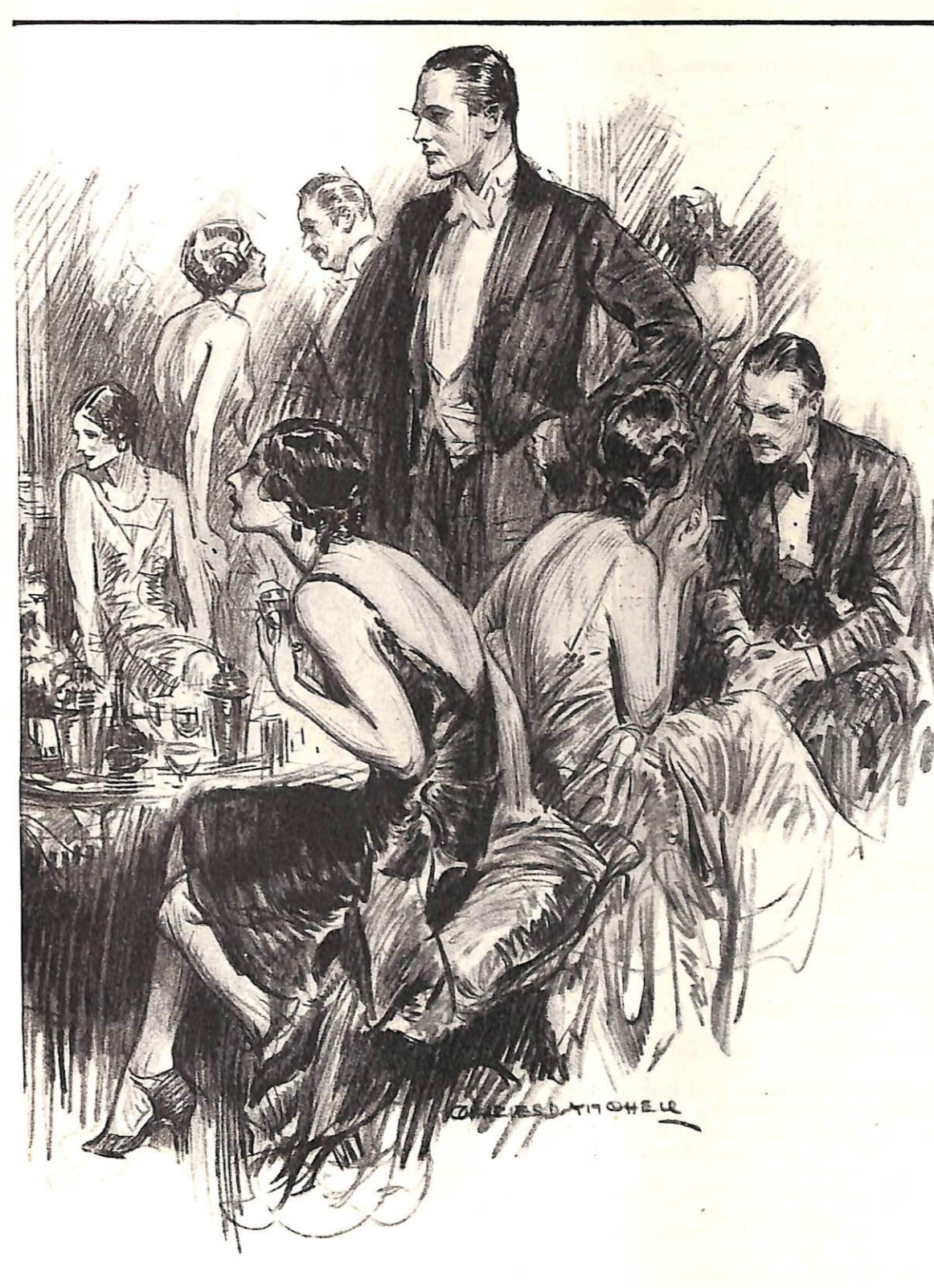
"You will go to the studio and announce that you are married. You must appear to be very happy and bridelike because everybody will be watching you and wondering about you. It will be a great surprise. So far as the world is concerned—even so far as your servants know—this must be actually a marriage," Aikman said.

"I see . . ." For the first time Tyra did not seem entirely sure of herself. "I wonder if I may speak with you alone for one moment, Larry?"

He roused himself with a jerk. "Why certainly, Tyra." She led the way into the tiny sun parlor. And there, simply and unaffectedly, without artifice or coquetry, she faced him and placed her hands in his.

"Larry," she said softly, "I know that marriage is a ver' serious thing. Even this sort of a marriage. I want to know—I myself want to know, Larry—that this thing is what you really desire."

He looked down into her eyes and suddenly knew that his arms were hungry for her. But he held himself in check. Only his



eyes betrayed his earnestness. He had his voice under control.

"Tyra," said he, "even under these circumstances, it will be wonderful to know that you are my wife."

She held his eyes for a moment. Then, without a word or a backward glance, she turned and walked swiftly into the living-room.

"Tomorrow," she said in a voice that trembled slightly, "tomorrow I shall be happy to become Mrs. Wycoff."

Sleep lay heavy on Larry's eyes. He blinked and stared out through the window at the brilliance of a new day—then a sudden fear assailed him.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed in a panic, "This is my wedding day!"

A little frown creased his forehead. He couldn't grasp the fact that before night he would be the legal husband of Tyra Karlson.

At twenty minutes before twelve Larry and Conrad Aikman

arrived at the church and entered through the side door. Larry was nervous and ill at ease. In the hallway were three newspapermen, one woman reporter, and four photographers. They would have spoken to him, but Aikman whisked him into a little room and closed the door.

A few minutes later someone tapped on the door and spoke with Aikman. Then he and Larry crossed the hall to the minister's study.

There was Gustav Furnhjelm, of course, come to give the bride in marriage; and there was bright-eyed, demure little Sheila Shannon, Ingenue star of Aragon pictures; and regal Ellen Maxwell—tall and slim and haughty—star in Tyra's first American picture, "The Fringe of Romance." There was Homer Boyd, who had usually co-starred with Ellen Maxwell in the biggest of Aragon productions, and last of the actor group was Eddie Wells, the cross-eyed, low comedian.

Mrs. Martha Tallington was present, a trifle bewildered and uncertain.

The minister introduced himself in a clear bell-like voice. "I am Dr. Garrison," he said, extending his hand.

Larry saw Furnhjelm enter the adjoining room. There was an instant's pause, then the door opened and the director reappeared. On his arm was Tyra.

But Larry did not immediately see her. All he saw in that first glance was the bouquet which he had sent from

the florist. It was a gorgeous thing.

Tyra was pale. Her lips were set in a straight line and her eyes downcast. She moved forward slowly and uncertainly, as though wracked by the same doubts which beset Larry. Then her eyes were lifted and they dwelt briefly upon his face.

Like a flash of sunlight breaking through the leaden clouds of a gray day, a smile illumined her face. It was a smile for Larry—a direct, grateful, personal, friendly smile and it banished much of his terror. And then, before he knew it, Furnhjelm had relinquished her to him and they turned to face the minister together.

Sheila Shannon stood next to Tyra and took the bridal bouquet from her. The air was hushed and solemn as the minister's opening words of the simple, impressive ceremony went through the room.

They stood like statues, this young man and girl who were being joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. Their eyes were on the kindly face of the minister . . . and Larry heard the words . . . heard his own name . . .

"Do you, Lawrence Shelby Wycoff, take this woman, Tyra, to be your lawfully wedded wife . . ."

And as though the voice were not his own—
"I do."

The minister was speaking again—gently, kindly—speaking to Tyra—and Larry heard her say that she took him to be her lawfully wedded husband . . . Then the minister nodded to Larry and he fumbled in his pocket for the ring. Tyra's hand was in his, a cold thing which fluttered briefly and then lay still. He placed the wedding band on a finger of ice and together they turned to Dr. Garrison. He was saying something . . .

"And so, I pronounce you man and wife!"

Married! Larry remembered weddings he had seen and he turned to Tyra.

Her eyes were lifted to his face. They were wide and frightened, but they did not waver.

Trembling violently Larry Wycoff put his arms about the slender, pliant figure of his bride. She raised her lips to his . . .

Her face seemed to swim in a mist as he bent over her. As though to support himself, his arms tightened.

Their lips met.

Then he released her. But as they drew apart their eyes held.

In hers, Larry saw an expression which was strange to him. From the violet depths there seemed to come a message. It was a look of hope—or of fear . . . Larry turned away, trembling. But her eyes haunted him.

Rufus Swayne was the strategist for the Aragon Film Corporation. Officially he was secretary of Aragon and head of its legal department. He was a shrewd lawyer and a distinctly able one, unhampered by scruples and not too closely bound by any accepted code of ethics. It was he who executed the inspirational ideas of Otto Felder.

The men were perfect complements. Felder, a pudgy little man, was concerned solely with the magnificent and the insignificant. He was without balance. He would waste four hours of the company's valuable time interviewing twelve-dollar-a-week office boys and in a moment make a decision involving half a million dollars. The details he left entirely to Rufus Swayne.

And now Rufe Swayne walked unannounced into the gorgeous private office of Otto Felder.

"Read that, Otto," he commanded.

Felder adjusted his glasses carefully and picked up the newspaper.

"Married!" he howled, "Tyra Karlson married! For why did she do that?"

"Soft pedal, Otto. It's because a thundering good lawyer explained to her just how to drop a nice, large monkey wrench into our machinery. She's gone through a marriage to block us. At the end of a year she can have her American citizenship for the asking and then our one weapon is gone."

"She will do us that way, will she?" Felder howled. "I'm going to send her back to that Sweden she came from."

Swayne spoke soothingly. "There isn't any use dynamiting our bridges, Otto. We've got a year. There's bound to be a way out. So, what we're going to do is mark time until we decide what to do. Maybe we won't find a way out—and in that case we'll have her deported rather than let New Art get her."

"Send for her," Swayne went on. "We'll be friendly and fatherly. We won't let her suspect that we think anything is behind this except romance. Can't you see my point?"

"I do, Rufe. You got brains in your head," Felder said. Felder's secretary found Tyra on the set where she was surrounded by an eager, chattering group of friends.

The secretary gave her message and an instant hush fell on the group. Tyra's face grew serious.

She was smiling strainedly as she walked into the office. "Well, well, well," bubbled Felder, "I want to congratulate you, Tyra. Also, I am angry. Angry that you should run off and get married and never letting us know what you were doing."

"I—I didn't think you would be very please', Mr. Felder."

"Not pleased? Why you should think such a thing, I don't know. Now tell me all about it."

"First," broke in Swayne, "let me congratulate Tyra."

He faced her squarely and took her hand in a firm grasp.

"I'm really awfully glad, Tyra," he said earnestly. "Of course, Otto is right—you should have let us know."

"That's awfully nice of you, Mr. Swayne. Frankly, I was afraid to say anything in advance for fear you'd oppose it."

"Oppose your marriage? Nothing could be farther from our minds. I know you're going to be mighty happy. Known him long?"

She hesitated, then spoke softly. "Not very."

Felder's full-throated laughter broke in on them: "Ain't that kids for you? Now tell me, Tyra, who is this young feller? He ain't no actor, is he?"

"No. He's a lawyer, with Aikman and Waterlow."

"One of the best firms in the west," said Swayne heartily.

"Now listen to me, young lady. If you would like to go off on a little honeymoon, I guess Aragon can fix things all right."

"I don't want anything, thank you," she said brokenly. "I just want to say that I think you are both wonderful!"

She turned and was gone.

Larry's wedding afternoon dragged interminably. He sent his trunk and bags from the boarding house to Tyra's. Then he took a brisk walk through the suburbs, trying to orient himself to the amazing change in his life.

At four o'clock he returned to his old boarding house and found there a long congratulatory telegram from his parents. They were delighted, they wired, and wished him a perpetually happy married life.

Larry was keenly alive to the anomaly of his position, and it had been brought home forcefully to him when, as soon as they left the church, Tyra bade him good-by and returned to the Aragon lot as Aikman had advised.

The events of the day left him shaken. He looked forward to the evening with dread. He was going home—to her house—as her husband.

He knew that she would return from the studio shortly after five o'clock. At five-thirty he timidly approached the big colonial house.

He stood uncertainly on the veranda; then he shoved open the door and stepped into the reception hall.

Mrs. Tallington was there. She looked around at the sound of his step and her broad face broke into a smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Wycoff."

"Good evening, Mrs. Tallington." He hesitated for a moment. "Has Tyra come in yet?"

He fancied that the housekeeper looked at him with speculation. "She is upstairs in her room."

Larry turned away. He walked slowly up the stairs, thumping loudly with his heels in the wild hope that Tyra would hear—and come to his rescue. He reached the big hallway upstairs.

He tiptoed from door to door. And finally he paused before one of them. He heard someone moving about inside. It must be Tyra . . . He rapped.

Almost instantly he heard her voice, and despite the banishment of his morale, her voice thrilled him.

"Who is that?"

"Larry."

"Oh . . ." Then the door opened just a few inches and he heard her very clearly. "Yes, Larry?"

"I'm in a rotten fix, Tyra. I don't know this house and I can't find my room." He was whispering. "I couldn't ask the servants . . ."

Her laugh tinkled through the doorway. "Certainly not, you poor boy. Your room is just two doors down the corridor—this side, of course."

"Thank you," he said, somewhat stiffly. Then: "What time do we dine?"

"Seven."

He walked away. Bridegroom! Bah! He was supremely disgusted.

He entered his room. It was a huge affair, handsomely and tastefully furnished. It was the finest room he had ever been privileged to call his own. But his real thrill came when he quested through a door and found himself in a beautiful little study which looked out over the mountains. He was suffused with a warm glow.

The third room of the suite was a marble bath. He shed his clothes swiftly and stepped under the cold shower. The icy spray did much to revive his drooping spirits, and by the time he completed his dressing, he [Continued on page 61]

The Portrait on the Glowing Wall



(The General looked up. One wall glowed. And on that wall appeared the figure of his dead friend. His reassuring smile seemed to say, "Keep your heart high. Verdun will not fall!")

Illustrations by
Harry Townsend

& Other Tales both Odd and Epic from a War Correspondent's Pack

By WILL IRWIN

THESE are anecdotes which the censor used daily to suppress on us war-time correspondents, and which one refrained from slipping over in defiance of censorship for fear of disagreeable consequences to follow. "Never mind," we used to say, "when the war ends . . ." But when the war really did end, we found that no one cared to read about it any more. So it happens that most of these illuminating tales have reposed in my story-teller's pack until now, when the public is again interested in the most melodramatic event of modern history—the great World War.

It is Captain Pugeot speaking; or at least I shall call him Pugeot. He is a little, compact, pleasant Frenchman, possessed of more sheer courage—physical, mental, moral and spiritual—than any other man I have ever known. We sit in a sidewalk café overlooking the Lake of Geneva. Across its beryl waters the League of Nations Palace sits peacefully among its tall lindens and its bright gardens; for the war is

five years behind us. Only we are talking war, of course. I have just told Pugeot what he never knew before: that on July 1, 1916, when the Battle of the Somme was beginning, I was helping clear the wounded from the Fort de Tavanne at Verdun. And he has just told me what I never knew before: that he was stationed at the moment in the adjacent Fort de Souville, the last vital outpost now that Douaumont and Vaux had fallen.

"And did you know how near we were to a débâcle? But yes, *mon Dieu!* At the worst of it, only five hundred men between the Germans and Verdun! If they had known it, the town was in their grasp . . ."

"It is the end of June. The Battle of Verdun seems ended. We have drawn off our forces westward to begin the Battle of the Somme. We went about it so secretly, we Allies, that we might as well have published the affair on the front page of the *Tageblatt*. They knew exactly where we were concentrating. As fast as we sent a division from



There was the King pinning on the coat of the young lieutenant the jewel intended for Field Marshal Haig!

Verdun to the Somme, they sent away one of their own to meet it. Until the last. When we were down to two divisions, they kept four or five. As soon as action began on the Somme they intended to attack, and take the Fort de Souville. That was the key to Verdun. If they held that high ground, the town would be at their mercy. They could not hold it of course. We could send a few divisions and pinch them out. But those divisions must be taken from the army of the Somme; and so our initial thrust on the Somme might lose all its force. For we could not leave the Germans in possession of Verdun. That would have ruined the morale of the French people. Verdun had become more than a position. It was a symbol . . .

"We hold the Fort de Souville; a skeleton French brigade of reservists. In support to right and left, we have a division of North African Arabs. And at dawn, the Germans concentrate on us such an artillery fire as I have never known even at Verdun. They batter down our trenches. They drench the fort with poison gas. Our General reads the situation. He sends back an urgent demand for reinforcements. Toward night a runner returns. Reinforcements cannot reach us until some time the following day. And in the meantime, the Arab division has broken."

"Broken, but yes! Splendid fellows, on attack, those Turcos, but they will not hold. And when night falls, we hold a kind of council of war and take stock. We have only five hundred men in action. But three officers remain alive and unwounded—the General, a lieutenant and I. Sergeants and even corporals command what remains of the companies. The attack will come at dawn. And we have not enough small-arms ammunition left to keep it off for an hour. The General is pessimistic."

"I suggest a plan. It is not original with me. I have seen it succeed once before. Let us stage a little drama. You know how a fresh division always behaves when it moves into position. It is nervous. It wastes ammunition, firing both rifles and machine-guns at nothing by little bursts. Let us spread over the front of two divisions, and impersonate troops newly arrived. One develops intuition in war. And I felt that the German general opposed to us was cautious . . . He would hold his attack for another day, so that he might raid us the next night and find the true situation."

"But my General remains a pessimist. My plan appears to him fantastic. If we try it, he says, we only waste the ammunition which we will need in the morning to take ten German lives for each of our own. I talk—how I talk—but I cannot persuade him. He is an old St. Cyrian. I know that he will never be taken alive. If he is cornered, he will save the last bullet in his pistol for himself. Meantime, there are his papers, down in the lower embrasures of the Fort. They must not fall into the hands of the enemy. He must destroy them. He takes a gas mask and an electric torch and departs, leaving me in command."

"I am alone for half an hour. What a half hour! Then the General returns. I look at his face. He went away a pessimist. He has returned an optimist. He says, 'Captain Pugeot, we will try your plan.' 'But, my General,' I respond, 'what has changed your opinion?' He only smiles."

"Things begin at once to improve. The military police and the officers arrive with some Turcos whom they have gathered up on the roads or in the town. We keep shooting, shooting, nervously. Our machine gunners fire a few bursts, then run three hundred metres with the gun and fire again. Dawn breaks—ah, that is the moment! The Germans do not attack. I have guessed right at the mentality of the German general. He is looking before he leaps! At sunrise come their observation planes. They fly low. We are prepared for them. We give them all the machine-gun fire we have; and they see pickets enough for two divisions posted along our trench-line. And before noon, two real divisions arrive, with artillery support."

"But we are supported now. And for two days of fierce attack, we hold. The Germans give it up and move their reserve divisions to the Somme. Verdun is saved!"

"When we went back to rest-camp, the General told me what happened—or what he thought happened—during the half hour when I was left in command."

"He reached the lower embrasure of the fort. As he was rummaging round for his papers, the electric torch went out—the cartridge was exhausted. But it was not dark down there, a hundred feet below ground . . . The General was surprised. He looked up. One wall glowed. And in that light stood his best friend, his comrade at St. Cyr, who had been killed a year before at Saloniki. The dead comrade said nothing; only he was smiling. It was a reassuring smile. Nothing more than that. But it seemed to say: 'Keep your heart high; Verdun will not fall.' Then the glow against the wall faded out. That was what changed the mind of my General . . ."

"Understand, *mon vieux*, I do not say that this happened. But I know the General. He does not lie. And I know he thinks it happened!"

On the night before the First Battle of the Marne, the British army, from the humblest company scullion to the exalted Sir John French, felt completely "done in." For a ghastly week they had held the left of the Allied line while it retreated from the border. Von Kluck, with his five divisions against their two, constantly outflanked them. Man for man, the Germans had much better equipment, notably in artillery. The British were fighting backward, trying to hold together while in almost constant retreat; an operation which imposes the severest possible strain on morale. But they held. They were the one really professional army on the Western front at that period; scarcely a non-com or a seasoned private among them but had faced hot lead in colonial expeditions or border wars; whereas among the Germans and French not one man in ten thousand had ever before August 1st, 1914, heard a gun fired in anger. Which is perhaps the point and moral of this tale.

They were still holding that night when they bivouacked some twelve miles east of Paris. They held, I repeat, the eastern end of the Allied line. They had been shoved "inside" of the French capital. The city which was a symbol of victory seemed to lie wide open to the next attack of the German reserves. Paris—this is pertinent to the story—was for that one night the British base of supplies.

General Sir John French, I am given to understand, shared the defiant pessimism of his army. It is no secret now that the French General Staff was not granting him their full confidence, and that he himself had little faith in the plan of operations. Established in a farmhouse as temporary headquarters he sat up late with his staff studying the map to



General French called a midnight council of war. Their personal kits lost, two of the British Generals were in misfit Gallic nightshirts. They fell to work as they were.

select a spot where the British Expeditionary Force might make a last stand and extort from the enemy the full price for its own annihilation. The decision made, General French turned in to get some sleep against the supreme strain of a morrow which might be his last.

At about midnight arrived news so serious that his aides felt justified in waking him. The Germans were astride the line of communications; and—I need hardly inform the reader—the line of communications is the jugular vein of an army. Uhlan cavalry supported by horse-artillery were occupying the road to Paris. General French called at once a council of war. No time to dress! They fell to work in their night clothes. In the confusion of Le Cateau, when the Germans just missed getting the British army, headquarters and all, the British generals had lost their personal kits. Their valets had commandeered at country shops such supplies as they could lay their hands on. So French, who was short and stout, wore a Gallic nightshirt with frilled edges. Smith-Dorian and the other member of the council—Rawlinson, I think—sporting attire just as unconventional. To complete the picture, they were gathered in the common room of a peasant cottage, and had spread out their papers under the light of a guttering oil lamp and two candles stuck into wine bottles. A hundred years from now, some British painter may select for the subject of an historic mural the Council of War on the eve of the Marne. And of course, he will dress the generals in pretty staff uniforms with red tabs!

Rapidly, French went over the situation, ordered the proper movements to meet this unexpected success of the enemy; then the British generals turned in for more sleep. Several troops of lancers were to lead the expedition and feel out the enemy; behind them were to follow the heavier forces which would engage in battle at dawn. And the first episode of this story came to me from the British captain who commanded the leading troop.

Following approved cavalry tactics he was scouting cautiously in advance of his men when his horse stumbled over something. He dismounted, ventured to flash his electric torch. It was a regulation German cavalry saddle. As the torch drew no fire, he investigated further. All the terrain beside the road was strewn with German cavalry equipment—saddles, lances, rifles, blankets, horse-transport. But there were no horses—and no men. The lancers pushed cautiously on. The next time the horses stumbled, it was over a stringy mess of leather. The same inspection, less cautious now. This proved

to be artillery equipment—harness, caissons, the guns of three field-batteries. Even did a field-kitchen stand by the roadside with its fire going; but the bread in the oven was burned to cinders. And again—no horses and no men. The lancers ranged the terrain for signs of battle. They found not a corpse nor a bloodstain. They inspected rifles and cannon; the bores were as clean as a whistle. All the inanimate equipment of an army was there; but the living part had vanished as though blown away by enchantment.

By telephone, the lancers communicated their findings to headquarters. And at dawn came new orders. The British army was to attack all along its front; the Battle of the Marne had begun. There followed a vital week in the history of civilization. The French peasant army, its back to the capital, its fields and flocks of Touraine or Gascony or Provence in stark peril of invasion, turned from a discouraged army of beaten men into a horde of tigers. Gallieni made his celebrated taxicab sortie from Paris. Manoury led his less spectacular but more important movement from Normandy against the German right flank. Foch drove his wedge through the center to Vitry-le-Francois. The Germans fell back to their prepared position on the Aisne, settled themselves into their reserve trenches, held. Until the action of the Aisne died down into trench warfare, the Intelligence Department of the British Expeditionary Force had tasks more immediate than solving the Mystery of the Paris Road. But when they got around to it, this is what they discovered.

The British Expeditionary Force, preparing in a hurry to sail for France, found itself short of both mechanical transport and experienced chauffeurs. In the emergency it commandeered fifty of those rattly, double-decked motor omnibuses so characteristic of the London scene, and enlisted fifty of their efficient and truculent drivers. The bodies of the omnibuses they rebuilt and repainted for commissary transport, the bodies of the drivers they warped into uniforms. This emergency equipment carried on through the whole retreat from Mons; and by the native shrewdness of the London 'bus driver as much as the wisdom of the staff, came through intact. On the evening before the Marne, the commissary convoy came out from Paris to the front with supper. The British army had not eaten for twenty-four hours. However, they had been fighting back through a wine country, and had acquired by wrangling or by gift a wealth of champagne, which they had tucked into the chinks of their transport. So welcome was the arrival of supper that the Tommies chucked two or three bottles of champagne to each of the drivers. By the time the convoy got its orders to return to Paris, the personnel had a proper slant. They started up full speed, their crazy old vehicles rattling like drums. The leading driver burst at the top of his lungs into "Tipperary." His crew, joining in, beat an accompaniment on their empty pans. All down the line, the convoy joined in.

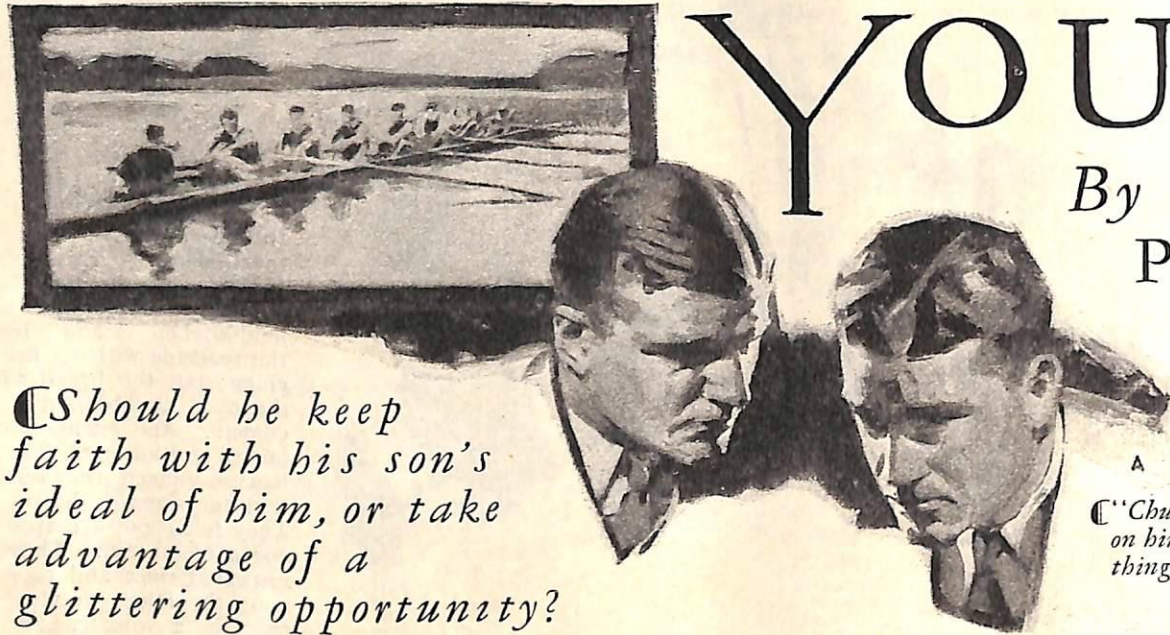
Meantime, the German flying column had established itself astride their road to Paris, had [Continued on page 41]

The EYES of YOUTH

By Lawrence PERRY

Illustrations by Harold Anderson

Should he keep faith with his son's ideal of him, or take advantage of a glittering opportunity?



Chuck's conscience got working on him and he confessed the whole thing to me as captain of the crew!

LEONARD ALSTINE glanced at the card which an office boy had brought in from the outer office. Then with calmness which was wholly spurious he nodded.

"Tell Mr. Crewe to sit down, that I'll see him in a minute. When I ring for you that will mean to bring him in."

When the boy had left the office Alstine rose, walked slowly to the window and looked out. His heavy, scholarly face was slightly flushed, a curious wry smile was playing about his lips. At length he returned to his desk and sat down, adjusting a pile of papers with the manner of one who seeks justification in delay.

This done he extended a forefinger, thrusting it very deliberately toward one of a row of push buttons on the edge of his desk. This, every phase of demeanor since the card lying upon his desk had been brought in to him, suggested a man who doubts, but is intrigued no less than troubled by his doubts.

Alstine leaned back in his chair after pressing the button, his hands folded upon the desk. The attitude was judicial. He wanted it to be so.

"How do you do, Mr. Crewe?" Alstine's crisp voice contained a quiet note of cordiality, as a large man of about his own age entered the office, a man with slitted, porcine eyes and heavy, arresting features.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Alstine," Crewe moved to the chair which the lawyer indicated and sat down. "I don't think we've ever met, that is in a personal way."

"No," Alstine glanced at the card which lay upon his desk. "No, we've never met personally. What can I do for you, Mr. Crewe?"

Jefferson Crewe raised his brows in a little smile.

As Alstine nodded, not returning the smile, the man shrugged.

"Why did you leave the supreme court bench, Judge? I happen to know that you would have been renominated by both political parties."

Alstine picked up a paper knife, balancing it upon his fingertips.

"I had given the state twenty years of my life," he said at length. "I felt I was entitled to take up private practise."

"And make some money. What?"

"Well—" Alstine settled down into his chair. "We can't despise money."

"No." Crewe leaned forward, placing his hands upon his knees. "I am worth quite a few millions of dollars myself, as I suppose you know. So money doesn't mean much to me. Power does. I like to swing things, like to make things go. And I guess I am pretty powerful in some directions."

"I dare say you are." Alstine surveyed the man, curious as to his drift.

"Well, I am. But I'd have a lot more power today—and

incidentally a good many more millions—if it hadn't been for you. You've made plenty of trouble for me in your time, Judge."

Alstine's lips drew together.

"There is such a thing as the law, you know, Mr. Crewe."

The other man grimaced.

"Yes, I know."

There was a short silence. Alstine's attention seemed to be wholly concentrated upon his paper knife. Crewe's eyes were turned toward the window.

"You know," he said finally, "law is a funny thing. It usually costs you fifty thousand to a million dollars to find out what it is. And even then," he added, "there is the Supreme Court of the United States to tell you it is something else."

"I should imagine you would find it perplexing."

"Anyone does," Crewe retorted.

"Well—no, I shouldn't say that." Alstine upended the paper knife, sliding his fingers from top to bottom, letting it turn so that his fingers were again at the top. His manner, if not disinterested, was at least detached. Noting Crewe's quick flush he leaned forward regarding the visitor through upraised eyes, his forehead amiably furrowed.

"You see, the law is clear enough—if you are interested in following it as it is. Perplexity comes when you want to get around it, or under it. Which—" he straightened up, speaking crisply, his mien suddenly becoming professional—"brings us circle wise to something I've already asked you: What can I do for you?"

Crewe's cold blue eyes snapped.

"Meaning you think that I came here to get around the law, or under it, as you say. Well, I have."

"I don't know whether to feel complimented or not." Alstine laughed shortly.

"What difference does it make how you feel, Judge? Your shingle is out. I suppose you're looking for paying clients; lawyers usually are, in my experience."

"Yes," Alstine admitted, "I'm looking for paying clients."

"Well, you're looking at one now. Maybe you'll find one's enough. I've been hankering for you, Alstine, ever since I saw you making monkeys out of the best legal talent I could hire."

"Just what do you want, specifically, Mr. Crewe?"

Crewe stared at the lawyer a moment; something seemed to be lurking behind his mood that puzzled Alstine.

"I want to know how I can get around that decision of yours which restrained me in that Carbon and Steel Limited proposition."

"Oh," Alstine turned his eyes toward the window, his lips drawn in. "That's shooting pretty close to ethics."



Crewe rose, confronting Alstine. "You're a lawyer now. You gave good value while you were on the bench. Now you're going to look out for yourself. Show me any legal objection to your doing just that."

"I wasn't thinking of legal objections," Alstine turned to the man with a puzzled frown.

"Then, what? I come here as a client asking you how I can get that case before the Supreme Court of the United States."

Alstine frowned.

"Why, by raising a Federal point."

"I know," Crewe flung himself back into his chair with an impatient movement. "My lawyers have raised several, but they don't stand the test."

"What they have to think up is the right one."

"Is there one?"

Alstine regarded the man thoughtfully, suppressing a prompt and unequivocal negative.

"There might be," he said at length.

"Ah!" Again there crept into Crewe's manner that inexplicable, lurking note that Alstine could not divine. Then,

As Alstine sat at his wife's tea table his perplexities cleared. He was even able to regard the patronizing Mrs. Davis with an unusual warmth.

very deliberately, hesitatingly as it seemed, he drew a check book from his pocket. Leaning forward, taking up Alstine's pen, he wrote a check for five thousand dollars. "Here," he said, pushing it toward Alstine, "is just a little retainer to pay for our talk today."

Alstine ignored it. He spoke, as though with effort.

"It would be a point designed to defeat the intent of the law. Naturally, that is a patent objection to me. Besides, it would wreck some tight little corporations."

"That's their lookout, isn't it?" Crewe brought his hands together sharply. "I'm after something big. Other things have to give way. That's business. That's life."

"I'm not so sure, Crewe." Alstine's eyes were narrowly screwed, his forehead drawn in deep lines.

"If the law's got loopholes, then it's a law that ought to be shown up and beaten."

Alstine regarded the other over his eyeglasses, a glance

which was intended to be judicial, but was not so—the glance of a man torn inwardly.

"Again, I'm not so sure." He moved restlessly in his chair. "I'll have to think about it. And that is all I can say now."

With a swift movement Crewe seized his check which lay on Alstine's blotter and tore it up. Once more he drew forth his book and wrote a check for ten thousand dollars.

"How about that, Judge?" Alstine gazed down at the strip of paper, a deep flush slowly spreading upon his face. At length, as though by sheer effort of will, he pushed the check toward Crewe.

"Keep this until tomorrow. Come and see me at this hour, and I'll let you know." He raised his head with the manner of decision. "I don't intend to be hurried in this, Crewe."

"Well!" The capitalist shook his head. Taking up the check he thrust it into his pocket, rising, putting on his hat. "Let me understand you, Judge. Is it your idea that finding rotten spots in the law isn't legitimate legal practise? Is that really what's eating you? Or—" he eyed the lawyer shrewdly—"are you holding something back on me?"

Alstine started as though he had been struck.

"I don't know what you mean, Crewe." "Well," laughed Crewe, "don't get mad. I didn't mean anything special. All I want you to know is that I can put you in the way of more money than you ever dreamed of having."

Alstine rose from his chair with a gesture of finality.

"I've already told you, Mr. Crewe, that I'll let you know at this hour tomorrow."

"But it isn't convenient for me. I'm going to be tied up all day at the Passaic Steel plant. How about dinner?" Alstine hesitated.

"Why—I don't know. I'm dining with my son at the University Club. He called me up this morning from Haleson. You know," he added with a touch of pride, "he is the captain of the crew there."

"Captain eh! Good for him. I like college boys. Got quite a few working for me." Crewe raised his eyebrows, smiling at the lawyer. "So far's I'm concerned I don't mind eating with the boy if he doesn't mind me. The truth is I'm in a hurry about your answer. Of course," he went on hurriedly, noting an expression upon Alstine's face, "if I'll be in the way just say so and I'll understand."

Alstine, who seemed perturbed, advanced toward Crewe, laying a hand upon his arm.

"No, no, no. Certainly not. Come by all means. I'm sure Dick won't mind, and I'd like very much to have you meet him."

"He may want to talk personally, you know. Probably does."

"If he does, I know you'll excuse us for a few minutes. I'd really like you to know him, Crewe."

"Well then, fine." Crewe turned toward the door. "What time shall I come?"

"Oh, six-thirty."

"Good enough."

Nothing of particular moment occurred during the remainder of the afternoon to distract the lawyer's mind from the problem which Jefferson Crewe had opened. Yet, when he left the office, rather early, he had arrived at no definite conclusion.

His thoughts somehow had developed a circle-wise tendency, bringing him again and again to the starting point.

Later, seated in the train which would bear him to his home in Westchester, he wondered what his son would say were he to lay his perplexity before him, and then smiled grimly as he realized that the thought was but a reflection of the seriousness of the dilemma in which he was involved.

Idly turning the pages of his evening paper, Alstine was struck by the coincidence of seeing a picture of his son on one of the sporting pages. Within the week Haleson was to row her great aquatic rival and the half tone photograph accompanied a discussion of the excellent prospects of victory for the Haleson eight.

Alstine studied the portrait—a stalwart, magnetic, rollicking boy, full of life, full of the joy of youth, careless save where the interests of intercollegiate athletics touched him. As to

his future, he seemed to have no definite idea—except that he would not follow his father into the law.

Alstine wondered that there should be any bond between them; yet there was a tacit bond, elusive when he tried to analyze it and yet very compelling. Even granting that reserve which youth is inclined to maintain where filial sentiment is involved, Dick Alstine had betrayed in more ways than one an admiration for his father, a pride in him. And always, from boyhood, he had taken his more serious problems to him with a frankness not at all compatible with his general attitude of reticence in personal relationship. It had often struck the older man as extraordinary, while at the same time he had been careful to conceal the thought behind a matter-of-fact, quasi-judicial stance, lest something that he dearly prized be lost.

Well—Alstine pursed his lips—the boy would get on in the world somehow, some way. Give him time. That was just it, time. The paper slipped from the lawyer's hands, falling upon his lap. He would develop along some line. Probably it would require money as well as time. He would have to stand by Dick, help him along, get him started. And he had a girl at Vassar and a boy who would enter college as a freshman in the fall. Money!

Alstine picked up his newspaper as the train sped through the June countryside, gripping it so tightly that it crumpled in his fingers as his thoughts returned to Jefferson Crewe who, out of the void of complete unexpectancy had entered his office and placed within his hands the very opportunity—so far as reward was concerned—that he had envisioned in leaving the bench.

What came first? His family, or abstract points of judicial ethics?

Then, as the train drew into the station and he rose to make his way down the aisle, there came to him one of those illuminating visions which so often in the past had explored the shifts of legal sophistry, pitilessly exposing its pretense.

Only, now he saw his own mind, saw beyond evasion what, after a single fleeting glance in the course of his interview with Crewe he had succeeded in crowding far into the background of his mind, screened from his moral eyesight. And what he saw was far more important to him than principles involved in assailing by deft practise, the law which for so many years he had upheld. It should, he thought, forthwith have ended any further consideration of association with Jefferson Crewe in this particular instance at least. But somehow, it did not end it, for as Alstine walked homeward, he found the problem intruding time and again. He was filled with a sense of humiliation, of lost estate. None the less, he could not free his mind of the temptation that beset him.

Alstine's home was a substantial dwelling of an older day, standing on a street of fine elms which, in its time, had been the center of the best residential section.

Business had entered the older district. It had taken over some of the fine old homes; others had fallen to the lowly estate of boarding houses. The Alstines had a lot in the new section, the fruit of a wind-fall which had come to Mrs. Alstine a few years previously.

The time when they would be able to improve it and build upon it appropriately had ever since been one of those topics in which Alstine and his wife had never lost the edge of keen enthusiasm.

"Some day, dear." How often Alstine had heard his wife say this with that serene, patient smile of assurance as she rose from the table where they had been studying some new idea in the plans of their dream home to put the blue parchment sheets away in her desk.

Some day. Turning into his home, Alstine frowned as he thought how wonderful it would be if he could go to his wife, take her in his arms and whisper to her that the day had arrived. And why not? Were academic ethics and far-fetched moral squeamishness more important than the happiness which he could bring to his wife, the utter radiance of happiness which she would know if he were to tell her that their dream was about to come true?

Blood was surging in his temples as he entered the house. His wife called to him from the living-room, the never-failing



"You think I came here to get around the law or under it. Well, I have!" said Crewe.



"Dick went on in the hesitating voice of diffidence. 'I don't believe I'd feel worthy of all you are and have been, Dad, if I ducked the thing.' His father's lips moved, but no sound came."

welcome of a woman who loved him and whom he loved with the continuing ardor of their youth.

Something caught in Alstine's throat. It seemed to him as though it would be humanly impossible not to tell her, not to know the abandoned joy with which she would hear the news, not to know her pride in him.

Just the same, he knew that he could not tell her, not now at any rate. He was involved with something he must work out alone.

In the living-room, Alstine found his wife and Mrs. Jared Davis seated at a tea table. He didn't care for Mrs. Davis, who was the wife of a very successful Wall street man. Yet he had nothing against her save that she could do so many things his wife could not do, and have so many things that Mrs. Alstine could not have, and that she was habitually inclined to patronize her friends, to play the great lady without half the charm or the sanction of family background, or the mentality of his wife.

Yet as he sat down, taking the cup which his wife handed to him, he regarded Mrs. Davis in a mood of unusual warmth. It was the reflection of no change in his attitude toward the

woman; it was merely the encompassing glow that attends doubts suddenly overcome and perplexities cleared as a freshening wind rends fog at sea.

Whether it was due to this encounter with Mrs. Davis or not, he did not know, or care. He knew and cared only that in the alchemy of submerged thought, decision had been made for him and he was filled with a peace that seemed to sanction the decree.

Yet, when Mrs. Davis, who had occupied the tea interlude with her clipped phrases and her manner of the great world, departed, Alstine did not, as he had intended, tell his wife of the events of the day and his final reaction. It tested his full powers of reservation thus to delay, but it was worth the strain. For you never could tell about men like Crewe.

Alstine awoke in the morning, breakfasted and went to his office without the slightest suggestion of adverse reaction to the determination that had occurred within him the previous evening. He was merely anxious lest something might have altered Crewe's plan of meeting him at dinner, and at length in the early afternoon, he called up the man's secretary and had the appointment confirmed. [Continued on page 59]



(Left and below) The Boardwalks are the chief attractions of our Atlantic seaside popular resorts. Brighton Beach, season in and season out, is harbinger of fashion that tramps miles in sunshine and salt air. Coney Island and Atlantic City have their Walks also. Hotels and attractive shops hang close to the sea line. Visitors are wheeled in chairs to listen to the waves above the tramp of feet.



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(Left) Narragansett, like Miami and Daytona Beach and Coronado Beach, is always on parade. The styles of 1885.

(Below) Saratoga was once the great racing center of the East. People drank the "waters," lounged on the sidewalks before the hotels. Always "betting" was in the blood. The horse was King!

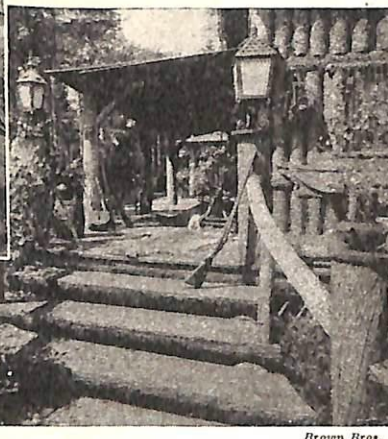


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(Above) Hotel del Coronado, with tropical trees and Pacific outlook, has the advantage of the rich verdure of a climate that has made California famous.

(Below) Adirondack camps of pretentious beauty are built in trackless woods. Guides alone know the thoroughfares. This Camp Kilcare belonged to former Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff of New York State. Palatial comfort away from communication is the acme of the man laden with responsibilities. Trophies of the hunt and stream bedeck his walls.



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Courtesy of Union Pacific System

(Civilization cannot take away from the exciting adventure of the Yellowstone, its trips and its staggering scenery. But luxury tempts the traveler despite miles of horseback travel. This is a view of the Canyon Hotel (Left).

(Below) In Cleveland's administration, fishing was the official sport. Whether alone or with the actor, Joseph Jefferson, at Buzzard's Bay, the Presidential fishing-rod was the scepter that ruled the White House and the Mayflower.



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HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

❧ O Rare Vacation Time! ❧

(The Eleventh article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES



(Odd fashions did not hamper the vacations of the 70's. Long skirts swept the snake grass, and drooping mustaches braved the soda pop.

SCIENTISTS tell us that there are electric rays whose effect on the skin are as beneficent as the sun. A permanent "tan" is almost as assured a thing as a permanent "wave." One may step inside an emporium and come forth again with every appearance of having spent a fortnight at Nassau, or basked complacently on the beach at Daytona, Florida. Concentrated vacations are in prospect, and business may some day go on as usual, without the disrupting influence on the office of "vacation lists."

Woe betide the day when such "conveniences" are offered us. The philosopher who upholds the theory that one may rest while working is taking the joy out of expected vacation fun. The electric fan that would furnish us with sea breezes is robbing us of far perspectives. The bath tap that brings salt water to the tub, and the wave agitator that gives us a morning dip in our homes, are unwelcome possibilities. So, the inventor had best turn his attention elsewhere than to inventing machines to give us vacations ready-made.

The daily routine of life has never conquered man's desire to get away from it. In the past he has ridden miles on horseback to experience a whiff of narcissus or sweet jasmine odor, free from the smoke of the factory. He has always regarded his vacation as a catch-of-the-breath in his race-for-bread-and-butter. He has left his country piazza for town on sufferance, and, even if detained longer than expected, the evenings in the city have found him hastening to the beaches or to the roof gardens, or to some haven of recreation, so as not to be despoiled of his summer amusement. To escape the heat, to thwart the loneliness of deserted houses, where whole families are either abroad or back to the farm, man becomes overheated in his effort to keep cool. He will stand in line at the spa for his morning's glass of water, he will race his car fifty, sixty miles to beat the evening train by fifteen minutes, he will break the monotony of five week days by shaking himself inside out at amusement parks, but he must have change.

Rest has little to do with this matter of vacation time. Once relieved of the necessity of getting to work, it really doesn't matter how hard we work to keep ourselves constantly active. In the early days of Long Branch, when that once noted resort was described as a "long and narrow reach from Financier Jay Gould's cottage in the north to President Grant's cottage in the south," there was just the same urge to be up and doing. "The sexes mingle freely in the pastime of bathing" confessed one account, "and it is no uncommon experience for the belles and beaux of the ballroom to make appointments



(Mountain climbing was arduous in the early days. Holiday excursions in the era of slim waists and lengthy modesty.

between the figures in the lancers for the next day's bath." The same thing happens today at Coral Gables or at Coronado Beach or at Atlantic City or at Kennebunkport, Me. Relatively speaking, there was just as much discussion then as now regarding the joyful freedom of attenuated bathing skirts. But even as the lancers seem to be far off in history, so we are inclined to smile at the writer who, in the early days of Long Branch and Saratoga and Newport, declared that "the innocent maiden who shows her bare legs to the knee is certainly as modest as the society lady who bares her shoulders in the glare of the gas-lit parlor."

Vacations in this country were definitely spoken of in the "fabulous forties." It was then that the Southerners trailed to Pass Christian. Every state has had its "summery escape" from heat. I have never yet heard murmured the names of Verbena or Mountain Creek, in Alabama, that the

dust from the cotton wagons of Montgomery has not melted away before cool quaffs of suggested rest and quiet. So the lakes to the Minnesotian, so the vast stretches of the ranches and the farms of the West to the Californian. The mind is peculiarly shaped in summer time. One thing suggests another. The subway traveler hanging on the straps dreams of the Sunday ride at Coney Island on a camel. Sailing by Point Judith, on the Rhode Island Coast, on a calm night, the ship's captain tells you of the wreck that occurred just a year past during one of the tempestuous moments of its career. At Wrightsville Beach, in North Carolina, a stretch of sand in the green ocean opposite Spain, one breathes quietly in the starlight crispness of the air until one recalls the year when the slender bridge connecting the hotels with the mainland was blown away and the lights were put out by the fury of a raging storm. Yet we court such experiences in vacation time. We almost wish to be lost in the unfrequented trails of the Adirondacks that we may, returning to the city, tell of adventure that smacks of danger.

Vacations were once formal in the summer time; one helped the feminine comrade from rock to rock, one rowed while she trailed a finger in the water lily pond, one walked the myriad lovers' lanes of every countryside, one brought bunches of flowers to the dance, encased in paper frills. There was a leisurely lull to activity. In this respect, the olden vacation is no more. Everything is speeded up. Everything is concentrated into a fortnight's hectic rush for amusement, where the sun is supposed to do its work and the air to enter the lungs while we are amusing ourselves. The question of keeping cool has nothing to do with the problem. It does not

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

matter whether it is "society" or the weltering democratic mob, one gets the impression at the seashore of panting and red faces, and of the siesta that comes through the sheer fatigue of trying to have a good time. Recall the tennis court, with agile youngsters each side the net—one with a wet handkerchief tied around the head; the other with a wet sponge, like the bonneted horse, on the fevered brow. Conjure up a golf course, with the perspiring mashie holder, spattering out of a bunker. Notice the crowds at a baseball game, dripping with excitement, while ice-cream cones and soda pop measure the effort to send cool currents down the red lane. There is no such thing as a cool amusement.

We have worn to tatters the old phrase—"The lull of summer amusements in the theater." If you have ever been to a summer "show" you wonder at the chorus girl with her ermine cloak; the dancers with their leaps and bounds. Powder floats away on the sweat of labor.

But that the public must be amused on vacation in summer time is as much a foregone conclusion as that hay must be cut in August. You may get yourself in the state of mind that there is such a thing as cool amusements, of unalloyed recreation. The boy will bake in the sun by the brookside for a fish one-half inch beyond the state law limit. We speak of the beneficent sun, but when we go berrying along the country roads, the insidious warmth of the poetic rays beats upon us, and we are burned, almost scalded, and spend the next day beneath an inartistic coating of soda.

Summer is interpreted as the off hour of the brain. It must not be overworked. The old-time yellow-back novel, which was as familiar in the past to the summer hotel porch as the buttercup was to the field, is no more. But literature for summer reading was then, and is now, like froth. One lay in the hammock to read of innocuous incidents, to "while away" the hours of passing heat. In this respect, we are much healthier than of yore. We are having a good time, and every moment of it must be doing, for there is only a fortnight, or if it's three weeks, we are paying for it out of our salary, and all the more reason why we must get all that is coming to us, so that we may remember what a vacation it has been! Strenuous this, but nice.

The sylvan picnic has caught the contagion of the new hour. It is no longer leisurely; green woods with merry laughter have given way to cluttered sward with democracy and oiled paper, remnants of the chicken sandwich; empty boxes and discarded bottles float down the pellucid brooklets. Democracy on vacation does not do things daintily; it assures everyone a good time in "job" lots. A rowboat must pile eight or ten in it, for there must always be an accident—so different from the "select" tête-à-tête, when lads wore side whiskers and hoped for sprained ankles so as to carry the voluminously skirted maiden to the canoe. In those days there was no annoyance from the squalling infant. But Democracy takes the whole family. The child slips on pine needles and cuts its hand on the sardine tin. The smart lad poles his way downstream on a plank or a log and is no respecter of romantic canoes; he must get all the fun he can, for tomorrow the year's work begins over again.

Go on one of the big boats for a sail—green stretches of shore and the mountains in the distance. Is there rest and quiet here? Democracy is restless at the dock. Vacation has begun and everyone must be told that you are in holiday mood. You make a center rush for the upper deck if you want a camp stool; you must not be considerate of women or children if you want a parking place. But supposing you do find an advantageous position, where you can enjoy the scenery, your neighbor next you has a banjo, and he and his girl sing the latest syncopated romances.

You lean poetically over the deck railing to watch the boat ploughing through the cool water of lake or river, and your eye is blasted by a banana skin, then by a rainfall of peanut shells, and alas, someone's Sunday hat goes overboard. For no matter when your vacation begins, or where it is—unless in the most select and

aloof retreat—the Sunday summer vacationist reminds you that, even if the majority of us only have a fortnight to ourselves, once a week during the dear old summer time Democracy breaks loose the dam of restraint and has its frolic. There is no boat on Sunday evenings—unless it be your own chartered one—that has not aboard the week-ender, whose voice is raucous.

You who know the surf near the big beaches—you realize how much poetic quality there is to it, when the flow of humanity strikes it. You idle along the beach, and, unless it's a restricted one, you may step on entire sleeping families, or slip upon their food. You hear the popping of the shooting galleries, you hear the hurdy-gurdy of the merry-go-round, you hear the tramp of the boardwalk's week-enders getting all there is to be had out of a few hours' vacation!

I'm afraid it takes training to keep cool in summer time. And there are some who wouldn't have it if you gave it to them—rest and quiet and moments of dreams and being alone with the daisies of the field and the fleeting clouds overhead. It would make them nervous. In benevolent frame of mind we once asked two school-girls in the crowded section of a city to come to the country for a vacation; it was a charitable act on our part; we thought we were doing our bit. But we might as well have invited two weeping willows; they arrived at the rural station in their Sunday best; hats heavy with draperies and fruit that was sticky with color. They jumped when a cow moored. They longed for the rest and quiet of the subway. If we mentioned to them the ox-eyed daisy or the mountain laurel, they retorted with sweet memories of the organ-grinder and the taffy man; if we showed them a sunset, they asked us if we had ever seen the largest electric sign on Broadway. They didn't want to be cool; they wouldn't have been cool if we had offered it to them on a silver platter. They were daughters of the Coney Midway. So we sent them back to sozzle in the asphalt and concrete.

Leaning over the side of a Maine boat on its way to New York, I have seen in the early morning hours a yacht cutting gracefully by our side. There, in the wicker lounge on deck, one could find cool amusement; or even on a cat-boat, with bellying sail away from shore. Motoring brings the cold rush of freedom unless a joyrider instead brings cold beads of perspiration to the brow by cutting across the clear path. It's always the other man who takes the "coolth" from the atmosphere on a vacation; he either sits too close to you, or shoves you out of the way, or else smokes a bad cigar. Hence, though we are all for Democracy any day, the crowd takes the calm and rest away from everything.

But vacations have another aspect; they are not the kind where you are met at the station by a five-thousand-dollar rig or by the ten-dollar-a-night hotel bus, but where you hike in comradeship and sit about the campfire—a healthy tired that's worth working for. There's much more of that than in olden days. If social history is to be believed, the early summer resort always had its crowds; those who went to such and such a place for the races; who sat in chairs upon the broad sidewalks to feel themselves in the social swim; who made it a business to go to the station with a spanker pair of horses, or with the lady in long skirts and top hat astride her mount. Even in the mountains, there was the stage to take, or the coach reminiscent of the tavern days of long ago. The social season anywhere means the gathering of people, yet vacation should mean a complete change from the swirl of humanity that gets together for dressing and formal teas.

The fact remains: the popular conception of Vacation is not rest, but activity. It has nothing to do with keeping cool even though a resort offers mildness of temperature; it has everything to do with keeping amused. When one takes a pleasure trip, if one asks for reticent company, one should not meet with battalions. Look upon a picture of Coney Island crowds and you will understand why the breakers break and why the tide is wise enough at times to go out!



(Right)
Democratic mobs taking strenuous week-ends at Coney. It is hard to find the sand for the people; yet they wallow in it, bake themselves, toss themselves into the surf and bake again. Here they sleep, eat, sing, lounge, and are "at home"—mostly on Sundays. Dear Old Coney!



Underwood

(Above)
Niagara Falls have always possessed power—the power of romancing. May Irwin and Otis Skinner in the gay 90's acting romantic parts.



(Below)
The Grand Republic was a typical excursion boat of the 90's. It sank with a "mob" aboard. Democracy courts danger by overcrowding.



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(Right and Below)

The days of the Conestoga wagon and of pioneer trekking in the Yellowstone are over. The adventurer has all the excitement of long rides, of fording rivers, of carrying food and blankets. But the loneliness of distance is punctuated by camps built to catch the vacationist. Modern ingenuity has done much to temper the sportsman's hardships.



Union Pacific



Union Pacific



(Above and Below)
Nature goes on in the self-same majestic way. Sunrises and sunsets paint the Grand Canyons of Arizona with glory no commercial organization can exploit. The great Falls of the Yellowstone are still falling, and contain a stored-up power that dynamos would envy. The vacationist penetrates these beauties, and forgets the strenuousness of organized life.



Brown Bros.



The Banal Blonde

By Mary
Badger
Wilson

*(She was just an unloved child
when he first pitied her!
—but seven years later—)*

EVERYBODY knew vaguely that Eve Drumgold had a daughter; a daughter of her first marriage which Eve had smashed so abruptly that broken bits of it cut into the headlines of newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. But everybody knew it in the unreal way one knows a fact uncolored by personality. Of all the hundreds of people who gossiped, ate and drank, danced and flirted with Eve, of all the thousands who avidly read the smart, sophisticated chit chat about her, no one actually knew her daughter, Celia Gay. Except Herbert Pegram.

Herbert was one of those near-sighted, absent-minded souls who discover all sorts of things which are overlooked by alert, far-sighted folk. And Herbert literally stumbled on Celia in a dark hall of the Drumgold house. He had been directed with entire clarity. "The coat room is on the second floor, at the head of the stairs, to your right, sir." But at the moment he had been irritably trying to catch the tag of a rhyme which was tickling his memory.

"And nobody calls you a dunce
And people suppose me clever
This could but have happened once
But we . . . and we . . ."

There it went again, the foolish rhyme, whisking its skirt around the corner of his mind. In pursuit he had turned away from the brightly lighted rooms on his right and had gone down the shadowed and winding hall to his left. He had walked perhaps twenty paces with the wretched thing still eluding him, when he bumped into something small and soft and alive. That was Celia.

"Sorry," he murmured automatically, and peered down through his glasses at what appeared to be a gold-topped little girl.

"Please, could you raise the window for me?" asked a small, polite voice. "I've pushed and pushed but it won't budge."

"I'd be very glad . . ."

Herbert looked confusedly about and discovered a window cut into the left wall. He fumbled with a rusty lock and tugged vainly at a recalcitrant sash.

"Sometimes it helps to beat on the sides when they stick," suggested the small voice practically.

Herbert beat on the sides and tugged; beat, tugged. Finally the window came open with a bang and a swirl of dust.

"Whew!"

Herbert stuck his head out for air. He saw that the window gave upon a narrow alley, faintly lighted by a flickering street lamp. Like all city alleys at night, it had an air of stealth. Drawing his head in again, Herbert said courteously:

"I don't suppose you are planning to elope or anything . . ."

The child shook her golden head gravely.

"I'm going to throw Melisse out of the window," she said.

Herbert started. He recalled a phrase from a magazine article he had read that day. "The most startling feature of our post-war crime wave is the extreme youth of the criminals."

"Oh, I shouldn't throw Melisse out of a window, really," he cautioned. "Who is Melisse?"



*"Please, could you raise the window for me?"
asked the gold-topped little girl. "I've
pushed and pushed but it won't budge."*

The child stooped and picked up from the floor a lanky French doll. It was almost as big as she was, and it regarded her with an air of cool amusement as she held it away from her at arm's length. Its legs and arms dangled limply but the face of it was tight and cynical.

"This," said the child, "is Melisse."

Herbert breathed relief.

"Even so, why throw her out of the window?" he asked.

"Because I hate her yellow face and her eyes that laugh at me."

Herbert considered the exotic French toy.

Illustrations by
Addison Burbank



*"I'd be very glad to. I don't suppose you are
planning to elope or anything . . ." Herbert
said courteously.*

"She is a bit decadent," he agreed. "Have you plenty of dolls to take her place when she's gone?"

"I'm too old for dolls, anyway," the child evaded. "I'm twelve. I suppose mother forgot. Besides she liked Melisse herself; she said she almost kept her for a boudoir doll."

"Who is your mother, my dear?"

For a moment Herbert had quite forgotten Eve Drumgold's first marriage and the daughter thereof.

"My mother is the lady who is giving the party tonight. Her name is Mrs. Drumgold but I am Celia Gay," she explained.

"Ah. Of course. What a pretty, happy sort of name. Celia Gay," he mused, thinking of the romantic boy who had left her the name, the boy who had put a bullet through his head when lovely, desirous Eve, who must always have what she wanted the moment she wanted it, had sailed away to Europe with Arthur Drumgold.

"I don't like it. It sounds like a make-believe name," Celia objected. "But I love my face."

"You are a candid young lady," Herbert commented.

"Don't you like my face?" She raised the face in question to his scrutiny.

Herbert peered down into great, grave eyes which were dark pools in a white oval now, but which were probably blue in the daylight to harmonize with that shining cap of gold hair. He observed a straight, undistinguished little nose and an obstinate chin and a rather pitiful mouth, a mouth that needed to be taught the curves of tenderness.

Her anxious eagerness for his verdict caught at something in Herbert's heart.

"Yes. I like it. I like it very much," he told her.

"It's like the faces in the stories that Della tells me; that's why I love it," she explained. "Della was my nurse when I was little. Now I'm too big for a nurse but she sometimes tells me stories. The ladies always have blue eyes and gold hair like mine and even if nobody likes them at first, in the end the prince comes and they live happily ever afterward. But, of course, Eve doesn't think mine is a very nice face," she added honestly.

"Eve . . . your mother . . . doesn't think yours a nice face?" Herbert echoed.

"No. She says it is banal. Do you know what 'banal' means? I rather think it means fat. Because Eve hates fat people. And my cheeks do stick out where hers have little hollow places."

"IT'S as good a definition as any," Herbert decided. He became conscious of sharp night air drifting through the open window and he saw the child shiver beneath her warm woolen bathrobe.

"If Melisse must go into the alley, we'd best be throwing her," he suggested. "You are quite sure Eve . . . your mother . . . won't mind? Melisse looks expensive."

"But Eve will never know," Celia told him. "The ashman comes very early in the morning and he will take Melisse away."

Herbert lifted her so that she could lean far out of the window and aim the big doll at the ashcan below.

Plop! They heard Melisse hit. Then the disconsolate wail of a frightened cat. Herbert felt the little body in his arms quiver. With sudden irrelevance the last line of the rhyme which had teased him spoke itself aloud.

"And we missed it, lost it forever."

Celia turned ecstatic eyes up to him.

"What beautiful words!" she said. "They made it just like a funeral for Melisse."

"No, no!" Herbert warned hastily. "You mustn't think they are beautiful words. I'm sure Eve would never forgive me if I taught you to like one of Browning's poems."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, you see," Herbert fumbled for a reason, "you see, things that people used to think were beautiful have stopped being beautiful. Dolls, for instance. China dolls with pink cheeks used to be pretty. But now Melisse takes their place. It's the same with poems. People used to write poems that made little songs. You could dance them or sing them or feel them. But now poets make poems like Melisse, with feet that can't keep step and with secret faces. No one talks about the old singing poets except to make fun of them. Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning . . . I think Browning might not have gone down with the others except that he wrote a poem once about God being in His Heaven and all being right with the world. That did him in, poor old fellow."

Herbert broke off, conscious of monologuing.

"I'm sure Eve wouldn't wish you to know Mr. Browning's poem," he finished. "She would say it was—er—banal."

"But banal means fat. Can a poem be fat?" Celia puzzled.

Herbert considered the point.

"Yes, I rather think it can," he decided. "That's a line too."



He drew out a small red notebook and a stubby-pointed pencil.

"I make a note of lines whenever I hear them. They come in handy," he explained.

"Oh!" Celia openly worshiped. "Do you write poems yourself?"

"No. Plays. For Broadway. At least I did. But there was a war—you may have heard? I'm just back from it and now I'm trying to do a new play. An after-the-war play that will say what everybody is saying this very minute, so that lots of people will pay to go to the theater and hear themselves talk. If my play should say what everybody isn't saying, then people wouldn't pay to go to it. Is that quite clear to you?"

"No," said Celia. "It sounds funny. I should think people would want to hear something they didn't already know."

Herbert sighed. "I'm afraid you have a pre-war mind," he said. "But I can't help it whether you understand or not. The great question is royalties."

"Kings and queens," breathed Celia reverently. "And of course you have princesses and princes."

"Of course I don't," Herbert denied snappishly. "I suppose you will ask next if I have Cinderella. Well, if I do have her in my play, I shall leave her sitting in the ashes and give

the coach and four to one of her sisters. They were sensible go-getters, those girls."

"I shouldn't like your play at all," said Celia, and her voice quivered.

"But Eve will like it," Herbert triumphed. "It's because she expects to like it and to sit in a box the first night it's played that she has asked me to her party. By the way, where is the party?"

He peered vaguely down the dim hall. "I must be finding it because I want to listen to what everybody says and fill my notebook so full that it will pop open and spill epigrams all over the place."

Celia pointed a wavering finger toward the lights at the far end of the hall.

"The party's down there," she said. "Back here there's only me."

"Well, you are quite a party all by yourself," Herbert assured her gallantly. "And you and Melisse between you gave me a line. By the way, I shouldn't worry about my face, if I were you; about people saying it's banal, you know. Stick to your own opinion that it's a nice face."

He backed away, bowing with a formal politeness. Celia's grave eyes followed him sadly. Her mouth quivered a little but she pressed it into steadiness. It worried Herbert to see a child's mouth so unkind. He came back to her.

"And you can see without those glasses? Can you see how much prettier I am since I've gone gamin'?" Eve asked him.

"I've never been blind to you, Eve," Herbert returned her lead.



"You are a nice youngster," he said. "I hope you will live happily ever afterward," and he kissed her gently on her tight, brave lips. Her arms crept up around his shoulders, awkwardly, following

age-old instinct but not habit.

"You are a nice oldish gentleman," she assured him sweetly. Herbert, with the weight of his thirty years heavy on his head, felt his way down the dim hall and back to Eve's shining party. He descended the stairs slowly, wading cautiously into gaiety. Waves of music buffeted him and shrill wit foamed about him. Someone with life-saving propensities thrust a frosted glass into his hand and pulled him back into a quiet eddy of old friends. He was feeling lazy and content when a lovely white arm suddenly reached out and plucked him by the sleeve and a voice with lyric undertones said: "I want you."

Of course it was Eve. That was one of Eve's most popular tricks, to pluck the person she desired out of a crowd. "So adorably audacious," everyone said of her. Herbert had admired it too back in 1917. But this was 1920. Queer how one's reactions could change in three short years, particularly when two of the years have been spent burrowing under the ground in France. He felt now a strange disinclination to leave his group of friends for his beautiful hostess. But of course he went with her; it was inconceivable that anyone should refuse Eve.

She led him to a corner of comparative isolation and a servant, to whom she had murmured some magic word in passing, brought a tray with long, thin greenish drinks. Herbert sipped his tentatively but Eve emptied hers. Watching

the lovely arch of her throat as she tossed her head back to coax the last drop from her glass, Herbert thought that she was like a picture drawn with one flowing line; she had neither angles nor curves.

"I'm going to help you with your new play," Eve was saying. "You've grown such a grouch while you were off at the wars, I'm afraid you're planning something serious and moral. That simply isn't done now, you know. Everyone's frightfully fed up with ideals. Besides, an ideal is something actually indecent when you track it down. It's an inhibition or a complex, I'm not quite sure which. Have you read this new person Freud?"

"Oh yes," Herbert answered with a faint weariness.

"Really? And have you had yourself psych'd? I'm going to be psych'd by a marvelous man. He's fifty dollars a consultation. There's something frightfully wrong with my subconscious or I should have been a pacifist during the war. It makes me rage to think how I ran along with the mob, when all the clever people were getting themselves put in jail or at least shadowed by the Secret Service. Of course, my Red Cross headress was terribly becoming. You can imagine how chic the contrast would be between that pure severity and my wicked seventeenth century eyes."

"Quite," Herbert agreed. An adjective recently discussed in a dim hall recurred to him. "Even though you were uniformed like the mob, your face would never be—er—banal," he commented.

"Ah, Herbert, you are sweet," she thanked him. "Do you still love me a little?"

She raised her lovely painted mouth for a kiss, lifted her arms with practised grace to embrace him. He gave her the kiss without enthusiasm and removed her hands from his shoulders with some firmness. There had been in her gesture a contrasting reminder of the awkward caress of an unkind child.

"Do you know, Eve," he remarked casually, "you distribute your favors unevenly. No regard for the good old law of supply and demand."

Eve looked puzzled. She laughed uncertainly. "Actually I don't know what you mean," she said. "Did they teach you in Paris to be cryptic?"

"Perhaps I did learn it somewhere in France," Herbert conceded, carefully tapping his cigarette against his thumb nail before lighting it. "It's quite the smart thing to be, isn't it?"

Like a small cocklebur the child who had adjudged him a "nice oldish gentleman" stuck in Herbert's memory for one, two, three days. On the third day, chancing to be in a book shop, he noticed a table piled high with children's books. There were, he observed, special bargains in brightly illustrated volumes filled with golden-haired princesses. Doubtless the really clever children of the day had discovered that the tint of a princess's hair is merely a matter of how much henna in the shampoo, and so they would have none of these gilded tales. Herbert bought two of them for the price of one and had them sent to Miss Celia Gay at Eve's address.

He got a prompt note of thanks, at his club. He wondered faintly if the child had asked Eve for the direction and if so, what Eve had thought. The note was written on bright pink paper in very black ink.

"Dear Mr. Pegram," it said, "thank you very much for my butiful books you sent me. It was the first time the postman ever braught me a package and I have saved the rappings for my suveneer box.

With love,
Yours truly,
CELIA GAY.

P. S. The ashman took Maless away all rite."

It was outrageous, Herbert thought, that a child of twelve should spell like that. Eve evidently had done nothing about her education. No one seemed to have had a sense of responsibility where Celia Gay was concerned, with the possible exception of the ashman who removed the Melisses from her life very early in the morning.

"It was the first time the postman ever braught me a package."

Herbert angrily pulled out a Christmas List from the "C" envelope in his file and added to it this notation: "Celia Gay—gets no presents. Remember to send at Christmas. Twelve years old in 1920."

Thereafter, every year at Christmas time, when he took his list from the "C" file, he was reminded of Eve's forgotten daughter. And every year his pencil hovered irritably over the name, ready to draw a thick black line through it. Once the pencil actually did draw a line, a faint one, and Herbert said firmly—"That ends that. I shan't bother another year." But when Celia's annual letter of thanks came, quite properly spelled too, saying that it was "beautiful to have someone to remember me when everybody else is being remembered," Herbert had to find an eraser and rub out the faint line.

"She ought to know," he argued crossly, "that being checked up on an annual list is not the same as being remembered."

Celia's letters of thanks were always forwarded to him from his club and so they reached him wherever he chanced to be; one year in London and two in Paris, once at home in New York, another time in Egypt (that was the year his play "Ann's Alimony" was so pleasantly prosperous) and the last time in Vienna. Six letters; six years. Celia had been twelve in 1920; she would be nineteen in 1927 unless time's measures had been synopated too. He would probably see her if he went to Eve's dinner dance, because even Eve couldn't hope to keep a daughter of nineteen upstairs in a dimly lighted hall with a French doll while a jazz orchestra played below. It was really this consideration which prompted him to accept Eve's invitation; he told himself that he could make an opportunity tactfully to convey to the youngster that she was a big girl now and that he couldn't go on being Santa Claus.

He was spending this particular winter in Washington because people had told him that Washington was a good quiet place to concentrate on work and he needed to concentrate. He was making no progress to speak of on his new play and Keferstein, his producer, was getting restless. Two months of quiet in Washington had only resulted in a limping first act, and Keferstein's telegraphic prods were beginning to be edgy, which was another reason for accepting Eve's invitation. At Eve's parties one could be sure of picking up the very latest patter to make good padding for smart comedy.

Eve herself had come to Washington because she thought it would be amusing to play with politics for a winter. So she had opened the huge stodgy old Drumgold house which had been closed all the years since her marriage to Arthur Drumgold.

Herbert Pegram found his taxi one of a long line of cars curling up the driveway to Eve's door. He recognized a cabinet officer in the car ahead of him and a lieutenant colonel in the car behind. It was not from cabinet members or lieutenant colonels that one could pick up smart patter talk for a Broadway play. But once inside, he discovered that Eve had simply sprinkled a few officials among her guests for local color; her party, otherwise, ran true to form.

"Darling, you look just as a successful playwright ought to look and never does!" Eve exclaimed over him. "So clever of you to shed that frowsy, perplexed air you once wore."

"It's my optician who was clever about it, really," Herbert accepted her tribute. "He got rid of the owl glasses for me."

"And you can see without them? Can you see how much prettier I am since I've gone gamin'?"

"I've never been blind to you, Eve," he returned her lead. "Perhaps dazzled at times."

He yielded his place at her side to the lieutenant colonel, with an air of being reluctantly displaced. Eve privately decided to change her seating arrangements for the dinner and put Herbert at her own table. He had possibilities and she was canvassing masculine possibilities just now. She could not stand Arthur Drumgold another year, that much was certain. Fifteen years of marriage to Arthur had convinced her that the Lochinvar ruthlessness with which he had snatched her away from poor, dear Myatt was his last fire of impulse. Naturally one could not be expected to sit about life warming one's hands at a dead fire, so she had quite decided on a chic Parisian divorce next summer if she could select a successor for Arthur who wouldn't read like an anti-climax in the press reports.

Herbert, recking not of his possibilities as Eve's third husband, looked about him for a girl who might possibly be Eve's daughter. But it was a very large dinner party, served at a number of small tables and even with discreet craning of the neck one could only see about half the persons present. Herbert, looking for a banal blonde, failed to find anything but synthetic Titians. Of course, the natural thing to do, seated as he was at Eve's own table, was to lean courteously forward and ask her casually—

"How's Celia? Is she here tonight?"

But something deterred him from the natural course. He

preferred to discover Celia himself, just as he had discovered her the first time.

But it was not easy, especially when additional guests arrived for the dance and identities were lost in motion. Finally Herbert gave it up and decided to go home. The party was a bore.

Escaping from the wrong end of the ballroom, he cut across a back hall, barely missed the savage swing of a pantry door, and retreated through another door where he collided with a dark, sleek young man whose sallow cheeks burned red with anger. Collision with Herbert apparently did not cool his wrath. He began to curse softly in mellifluous Spanish. Herbert could hear his invectives uncoiling down the hall like a snake. For himself, he stepped over the threshold.

The room which he entered was empty, he thought. Then he decided that it couldn't be because he heard a choking sound. He looked toward the sound. Within the curtained embrasure of a window stood a small, gold-topped girl, earnestly engaged in tearing a bouquet of orchids into shreds and choking back sobs as she tore. When the last flower was reduced to purple tatters, she turned to raise the window. It stuck. She tugged and pushed. Whereupon Herbert stepped forward.

"Sometimes it helps to beat on the sides," he suggested practically, and proceeded to beat. The window flew up with a sudden jerk and Herbert put his head out. An alley ran beneath, faintly lighted by a flickering street lamp. There was an air of stealth and a convenient ashcan. He drew his head in again and regarded the small, gold-topped person at his side.

"Do you think Eve will mind your throwing them away?" he asked. "Orchids are a bit expensive."

THE bright head lifted; great, grave eyes looked into his and suddenly candles were lighted behind the gravity. Herbert had never seen so frank a joy flood anyone's face. It hurt him to watch it, as it hurts to watch the dawn.

"Eve won't ever know," the girl answered. "The ashman will take them away very early in the morning."

"Were they the orchids of that fluent young gentleman I just met at the door?" Herbert asked.

She nodded.

Herbert threw the torn, bruised flowers into the ashcan, lowered the window, and dusted his hands.

"You don't like the young man?" he asked.

"I hate his yellow face and the way his eyes laugh at me," she said and shuddered.

"I suppose Eve got him for you?" Herbert suggested. There was a queer rasp in his voice as he spoke.

"Yes. He's an attaché somewhere. Eve says I'll have to marry a minor diplomat because they are the only men left who like their wives safe and stupid. But I can't marry this one. I loathe having people say pretty things to me with their lips and laugh at me with their eyes. It makes—"

Suddenly she broke off.

"Let's not talk about that any more," she said. "Let's talk about your coming back. I have wondered so often if you would ever come."

Again her face flooded with frank happiness. She seemed to have no feminine defenses. Yet in her very defenselessness Herbert was conscious of a paradoxical strength, the strength of sincerity and fearlessness.

"I came tonight to find you," he told her. "I gave myself other reasons but I know now that I came because I had to find you."

"Did you bring your little red book?" Celia asked.

Herbert fumbled in a pocket and produced a neat memorandum book. He flipped blank pages.

"I've put nothing in it," he confessed. "It's empty."

Celia put out her hand for it and flipped the empty pages again with pitying fingers.

"Why don't you write into it something out of your own heart?" she suggested, "instead of trying to catch all the words that fall from every pair of painted lips?"

Herbert laughed mirthlessly.

"It's a question of royalties," he explained. "And besides, why should you suppose I have anything different in my heart? For that matter, why suspect me of having anything as outmoded as a heart?"

Celia smiled at him. When she smiled, he observed, there were golden lights in the deep blue of her eyes.

"A person who remembers a child whom everyone else has forgotten, must have a heart," she [Continued on page 39]



EDITORIALS

SHRINE DUES ARE COMMENSURATE WITH THE ENJOYMENT OFFERED TO THE NOBILITY

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if we could run the Shrine without dues? We can all remember when the dues of many Temples were only three dollars a year. The thoughtless wonder why they cannot go on in the same way with the same amount.

Pork chops were then twelve and a half cents a pound and strawberries five cents a quart. But, in the vernacular, "them days is gone forever!" Most of us believe that all old times were good times, but it is sophistry.

Imagine a Temple of those days putting on a Ceremonial such as we have today! Imagine theater-and-picture-show satiated Shriners being satisfied with the ceremonies we did put on in those good old days! Imagine a Shriner working for the compensation he received then! New times, not old times, are good times.

Ben Franklin, the Quaker philosopher, said there were two ways to be happy. Both lead to the same result and each of us can choose for himself. If you are sick and poor, it is easier to diminish your wants than augment your income. If you are healthy and prosperous, it is easier to augment your income than diminish your wants.

This philosophy applies to the individual. An organization is but a number of individuals with a single purpose. The individual decides matters of finance for himself, according to Franklin's philosophy. The organization is governed by the wishes of the majority of its members.

The majority of the Shrine are young, active, prosperous, up and going men; they want to increase the income rather than cut down their wants. They love the blare of the bands, the pageantry of the First Section, the convenient mosques, above all, the wonderful work of the Children's Hospitals.

Who would have it otherwise? Who would love a purposeless, slow, unattractive Shrine? No man has a right to want this who is not willing to go back to the twelve and a half cent pork chops, the five cent box of strawberries and the income which made it necessary to sell these commodities at those prices.

Shrine dues are commensurate with the enjoyment offered its Nobility, and the eleemosynary work the organization does.

THE GROWTH OF SO POWERFUL AN ORDER AS THE SHRINE HAS NECESSARILY BEEN SLOW STEADY WORK

MUSHROOM grows over-night, but the glaring sun wilts it before noon. It takes a hundred years to grow an oak, but built into a home it will last a hundred more. It is a law of life that lasting qualities are proportioned to the time of growth. You do not have magnification and field in an optical instrument at the same time.

Fifty years the Shrine has been building. Fifty years of slow, steady growth, like an oak. Mushroom organizations

have sprung up and wilted in this period. We cannot force the growth of an organization as big and as powerful as the Shrine; it would be unwise were it possible.

From time to time a self-appointed Moses rises in Temple or Imperial Council, who asks only to be allowed to lead the Shrine out of the wilderness into a promised land of his own imagining. This never can be done. Each layer of our foundation has been tested by time before the next was laid on top. Each succeeding layer has been so securely placed, that our building, if not completed, is sturdy and very strong.

The foundation was healthy good fellowship. On this have been put tier on tier of other building blocks, until we have done very well, thank you. Progress is step by step, growth is season after season. Building must not be done hurriedly, lest the walls fall upon us.

Let us make our haste slowly, as we have in the past. We should not hope to grow an oak in mushroom time.

No stock, fixtures, capital or brains are needed to start the fault finding business.

EVERY TRUE NOBLE WHO LIVES HIS SHRINE IDEALS WILL CAST HIS BALLOT ON ELECTION DAY

THERE are six hundred thousand of us, the very cream of the manhood of this continent. What a power for good if every one of us exercised the right of franchise given us by our government!

At all Shrine meetings the flag of the nation is displayed. Every Temple in North America has among its membership men who offered themselves for the supreme sacrifice on the altar of their country.

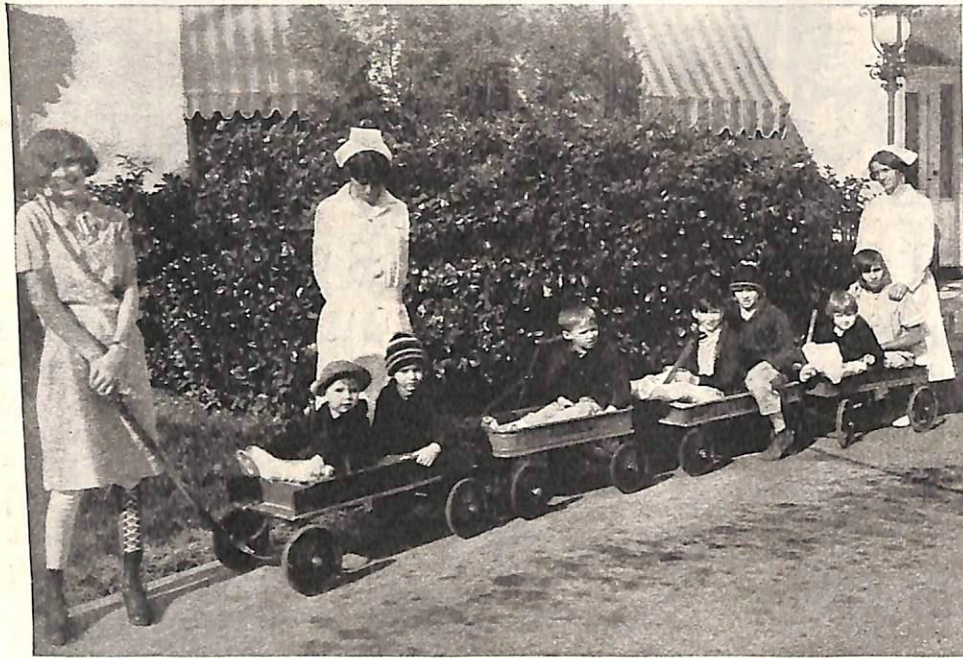
Are we patriotic? All of us would deny with belligerent hair raised on the back of our necks if it is suggested that we are not patriotic. Is our patriotism limited to war times when drums roll and fifes shrill? There is a peace time patriotism, fully as important as that of war time. This is embodied in our willingness to go to the polls and cast our intelligent ballot for the right people to govern the country, levy, collect and disburse its taxes.

True love of country is not merely saluting the flag. Careful regard for its welfare at all times is the essence of real patriotism. Any country is as good as the people who govern it; those who stay away from the polls leave our country to the machinations of scheming and often dishonest professional politicians who loot it to their own advantage.

The Shrine has no place in partisan politics? Right! But that bigger, better, higher politics, which is patriotism, is very interesting to the Shrine. Every true Noble who lives his Shrine ideals will go to the polls on Election Day, to cast his ballot as his conscience dictates. No Temple or Shriner has any right to tell you how to vote, but the whole spirit of the organization cries out to you to vote for someone!

If you want to be popular, you must listen to a lot you already know.

What the HOSPITALS Are DOING



EFFECTIVE treatment of more than 22,000 little crippled children in five and one-half years, involving the amassing by Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of \$9,393,424, was reported by the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children to the 54th session of the Imperial Council, in Miami, May 1-2-3. This work was carried on at ten hospitals and five hospital mobile units in the United States, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands.

The number of bed patients treated throughout the system from the opening of the Shreveport hospital in September, 1922 to March 31st, 1928 was 7,328, virtually all of whose deformities were lessened, and in many cases completely cured. The out-patients totaled 15,000, it was estimated. These are children who are taken to the hospitals from homes in the neighborhood, and after treatment are sent back to their home to await further attention at the proper time. This saves the hospital beds for children brought in from far away.

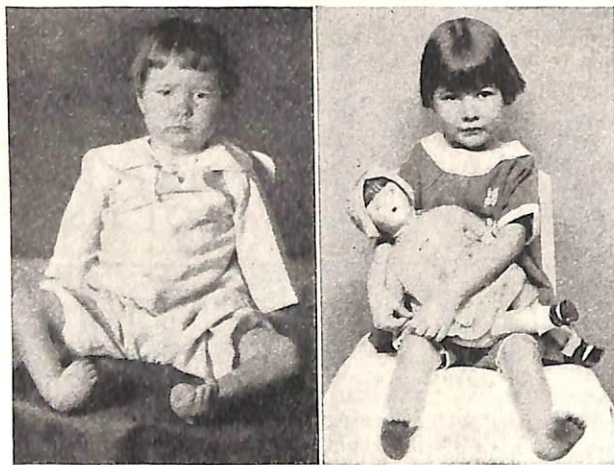
But with all of these facilities, scattered over North America, it is not enough to fill pressing needs. At the time of preparing the report there were 1,774 approved applications on the waiting list. Applicants must wait their turn, except in emergency cases where the local chief surgeon may use his discretion in advancing admittance of a child when further delay would forever prevent correction.

All hospitals and mobile units have been authorized by the Board of Trustees to increase their bed capacity by 20 percent.

It continues to be the rule of the chief surgeons not to admit patients for whom cure or material improvement cannot reasonably be expected, in order that the little ones and their hopeful families may not be subjected to the expense and disappointment of going to the hospitals and undergoing treatment all in vain. This policy reserves accommodations for the children whose condition promises reasonable hope of correction. The report says:

"What might be termed the slogan of those engaged in this

(Little patients of the Shrine Hospital at Shreveport taking a spin in their horseless carriages.)



(These before and after photographs of "Little Doris" were taken at Shreveport Hospital February 9th, 1927 and December 3rd, 1927.)

Montreal unit, so that eventually that amount will be received. The sum of \$31,991 was added to the Endowment Fund in the year. It was started in March, 1924 and now amounts to \$121,670, according to the Imperial Auditor. The contributions included \$10,000 from the George H. Barber estate, \$2,500 from Frank Meline of Los Angeles, \$2,000 from the S. A. Johnson estate, \$1,918 from the C. H. Butler estate, etc. Noble Allen H. Ratterree is responsible for two donations, the one from Frank Meline and \$387.50 from the Fitzgerald Music Company, of Los Angeles. Other items received were: Al Bahr Sunshine Club, \$300; L. C. Iten, of Kaaba Temple, Davenport, Iowa, \$500; Stanley Lansburgh estate, \$1,000; W. J. Parker estate, \$300; William Warnock estate, \$250.

The Board of Trustees extended to Noble Ratterree its sincere appreciation not only for the contributions he brought in but also for the film "An Equal Chance," prepared and shown at his personal expense to Shrine gatherings throughout the country.

An auxiliary building costing \$26,000 has been added to the unit in Winnipeg, of which \$16,000 was given by members of Khartum, Wa-Wa and Al Azhar Temples, all in Canada, and the Ladies Auxiliaries of those temples. To these Nobles and ladies the Board has also extended sincere [Continued on page 57]

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of April, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	223
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	203
Number of beds occupied by patients	780
Number on waiting list.....	1750

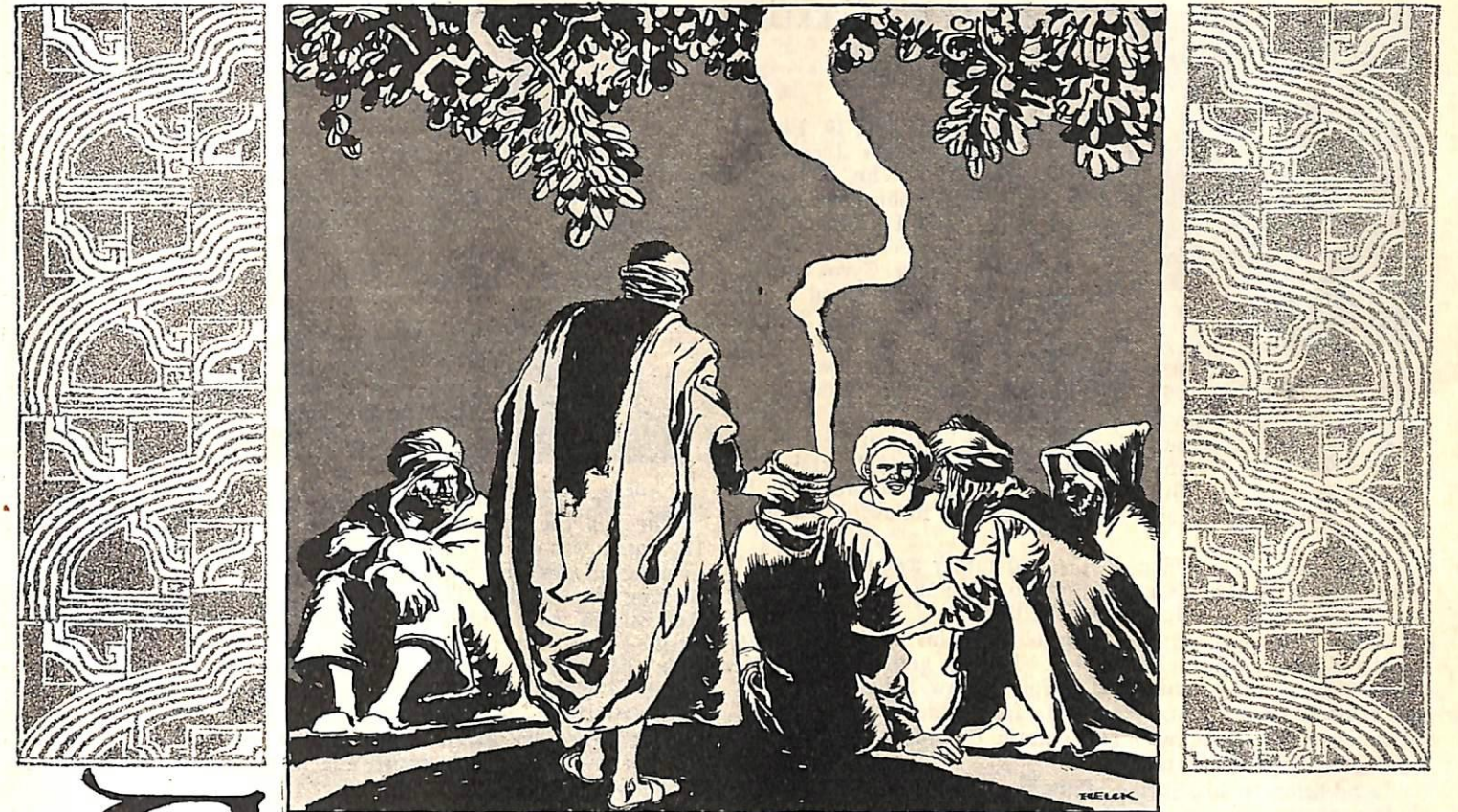
hospital work, from Trustees and Chief Surgeons down the line, is the sentiment: "The greatest possible benefit to the largest possible number of crippled children."

Inasmuch as the income of the Board is sufficient only to operate the system as it stands today, and leave a small margin of reserve for emergency calls, no new units or hospitals are contemplated at the present time. Thus we learn:

"The Board of Trustees has not found it feasible to inaugurate any expansion of the work, and has made no engagements with respect to future allocations, except those previously reported; viz., successively, to Richmond, Va., Pittsburgh, Penna., and Central or Western New York. If and when the funds at the disposal of the Board of Trustees will justify it, it will be the pleasure of the Board to carry out these promises; and if so authorized and empowered to expand the work by the erection and maintenance of additional hospitals or mobile units at other places."

The research work going on so successfully at the St. Louis hospital, under the direction of the Advisory Board of Orthopedic Surgeons, will be continued, as the results have been professionally commended. The research work of the Montreal hospital was paid for personally by the late Henry J. Elliott, prominent Canadian barrister, Chairman of the Board of Governors in Montreal. He died on January 1st and was succeeded on February 11th by Noble El-Walter W. Williamson. Noble Elliott's will leaves his residuary estate of about \$250,000 to the

WITHIN THE SHRINE



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



Some years ago I was with the rewarded Henry Elliott in the Montreal Crippled Children's Hospital unit when they discharged a boy. He had come in on a stretcher, a poor crippled-up youngster who would have had to spend his life crawling around on the ground like a hoptoad, only Jules would never have been able to hop.

Jules had his operation, spent long weary days and nights in a plaster cast with the fortitude only a child can show, graduated to the playground and walked out, an upstanding, laughing, happy kid, ready to stand on his hind legs like a human being and take his place in the world.

Jules had come up the mountain side to that hospital a broken pitiable thing. He went down under his own power, with his French Canadian mother. He and Henry chatted happy farewells in Jules' native language. I do not know a word of French but gesture and laughter told their own story.

Henry lifted his finger to give Jules a parting admonition. I do not know what it was, but in reply, Jules dropped into English vernacular with two parting words.

"Fat chance!" he said, and waved his hand good-by.

The remark made little impression on me at the time but has come back to me since. Fat Chance! That kid had had his fat chance! A lot of fat men, laughing through the world, had given it to him. You, Big Boy, whose smile-wrinkled eyes are flitting along this line, gave your two bucks that Jules could get changed from a hand and knee crawling animal to a biped! You have seen poor crippled mendicants

on the street slithering their way through the dirt and refuse with hat outstretched for your nickels and dimes. You saved Jules from that. They never had the Fat Chance!

Oh Boy! Allah had to put another column in your account in the Big Book the day the Shrine started crippled children's hospitals. That two dollars a year will offset a lot of other things entered against you in that Book!

Every year Allah will make an entry in the new column crediting you with a share in giving the Juleses their Fat Chance.

One day the Devil decided to go out of business in a certain neighborhood. The people were so good he could not afford to keep a branch office open in that town. Perhaps their parson joined the Shrine and served grins with his religion and so made it popular.

Whatever the cause, the Devil offered all his working tools for sale. He displayed them attractively; they made a good looking lot for anyone who wanted to go into some hellish business. Malice, Hatred, Envy, Jealousy, Sensuality, Deceit and other implements of evil, were spread out for the bidding.

Apart from the rest lay a harmless looking affair, much worn, but much higher priced than the others. Someone asked the Devil what it was.

"That's Indifference."

"Why have you priced it so high?" "Why, bless you, my dear sinner," said the Devil, "that's the most useful tool in my whole bag of tricks! I can swing that before some nice guy and not only change him to a hell-bent creature in a minute, but he will not even know where he is going! I can use that on pretty much everybody. The sweetest thing about it is that mighty few people even know it belongs to me."

The saddest part of the story is that his price was so high that he could not sell it, so Indifference is still the Devil's favorite tool.

[Continued on page 43]



NOBLE W. G. PICKREL
*Antioch Temple
Dayton, Ohio*

Past Potentate William G. Pickrel of Antioch is the new Lieutenant Governor of Ohio. This is by appointment of Governor Donahey, to succeed Hon. Earl D. Bloom, who became State Director of Commerce when Director Cyrus Locher was appointed to the United States Senate to succeed the late Senator Frank B. Willis.

Lieut. Governor Pickrel will serve until January 1st, 1929, but he will enter the primaries in August for the Democratic nomination to succeed himself.

It is said in Dayton, where Noble Pickrel practices law as a member of the firm of Burkhart, Heald and Pickrel, that popularity such as "Bill" enjoys has come to but few men in that section of the State. In an interview following the news he said:

"The title to the office does sound rather awe-inspiring, but I am certain it brings no change to the one who happens to receive it. His principal title is still 'Bill.'"

Noble Pickrel is only 40 years old, and his parents still live in the old home in Jackson, Ohio. He is a graduate of Miami (Ohio) University and the Cincinnati Law School. For ten years he has been a trustee of the former institution.

When only 32 he was Democratic candidate for Congress from the Dayton district.

In addition to his Shrine affiliations Lieut. Governor Pickrel holds membership in Mystic Lodge, Unity Chapter, Dayton Commandery and the Scottish Rite. He is a Past Monarch of the Dayton Grotto.

He is past president of the Montgomery County Bar Association, is an executive committeeman of the Ohio State Bar Association, a director of the Dayton Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Dayton Automobile Club, and head of the Dayton Community Chest in 1927, when the greatest amount ever contributed was raised.

Noble Pickrel married Miss Margaret Bookwalter of Miamisburg and they have two girls and one boy.



NOBLE FRANK B. LAZIER
*Nile Temple
Seattle, Wash.*

Recently he had a birthday. Which one he refuses to tell. But it is leap year, and in this decade Frank decides that once in every four years "it can be told" that he still admits birthdays.

The new President of the Recorders' Association of the Shrine, long-time Recorder and Past Potentate of Smiling Nile (although it's on Elliott Bay) will long remember

and never regret revealing and not concealing his natal day this year. The result was a three-day jollification marathon by Nile, with the surprise always on Frank.

Potentate William A. Eastman notified Noble Lazier that he would be needed at the proceedings of the Snohomish County Shrine Club, of Everett, Wash. on a date close to the fatal day. He went, and there found the affair turned into a Lazier birthday party, with a banquet, a birthday cake and candles galore. Pretty nice.

For some time he and Mrs. Lazier had been booked for dinner with the Potentate's family. Afterward the Potentate found an excuse to take a look at the Country Club house outside of Seattle. When they got there the lights were out, but Noble Ed Bean appeared out of the darkness and mumbled something or other. He led them inside, the lights flashed on, and there stood every member of the Divan and their wives all set for the second surprise birthday party, with



more cake and candles and fixin's. Not bad by 'arf, cheerio!

Then on the night of the birthday itself, when apparently the worst was over, Frank and the family settled down for an evening at home for a change. But a few friends dropped in, looking expectant. Then some more, looking mysterious. And after a while still others. A growing suspicion was at last verified and soon another birthday party was in full swing, with the third candled cake making its bow to the honoree.

All of which prompted Noble Lazier to say in his little notice of thanks to Nile members:

"From horizon to horizon of life's journey, whether the road or trail be long or short, the most wonderful and valuable asset is friends."



NOBLE HARVEY N. PETTY
*Salaam Temple
Newark, N. J.*

After only eight years as a Master Mason and three years in the Shrine Noble Petty was elected Recorder of Salaam. That was in September, 1922, and since then he has been unanimously reelected every year.

Noble Petty is a thorough New Jersey product, having been born in Cranbury on Nov. 8th, 1887. He was raised in Orient Lodge, in

Elizabeth, in 1914 and immediately began to travel Masonically with considerable rapidity. He belongs to Washington Chapter, Adoniram Council, St. John's Commandery, all in Elizabeth.

He entered the Jersey City Consistory, Scottish Rite, in 1918. In 1924 he became a charter member of the Newark Consistory, holding card No. 4, and is now Deputy Master of the Lodge of Perfection. In the same year he was chosen secretary of Salaam's Arab Patrol, being elected unanimously every year thereafter.

Salaam has nearly 9000 members, and a big temple, with a modern theater attached. It also conducts a monster Ceremony once a year in Jersey City in addition to the scheduled ones in Newark.



NOBLE THOMAS C. LAW
*Yaarab Temple
Atlanta, Ga.*

Potentate Law insists that he has no marks of distinction in Shrine-dom, but the fact remains that he shares with Noble Forrest Adair the honor of being the only man elected to more than two terms as Potentate of Yaarab. He was elected for a third term this year, but modestly declared: "It was made necessary by a break in the line below."



We also find on the record the fact that the financing of the Temple's proposed new \$2,000,000 mosque is taking place in his administration, including a 21-year lease with the Fox Theaters Corporation that will permit Yaarab to build the edifice and secure and amortize the loan with this income, and thus avoid putting the Temple in debt. Sufficient dates have been reserved for Ceremonials.

Also, in cooperation with Noble Joseph Kyle Orr, he made the first Knights Templar educational loan in the United States. In support of Noble Orr, Past Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, who originated the National Knights Templar Educational Loan Fund, the Grand Commandery of Georgia started its fund a year in advance of the other States. Noble Law has entire charge of this fund in Georgia, which to date has loaned to worthy boys and girls \$36,517, which has permitted 245 students to secure a college education. He is Captain General of the Grand Commandery of Georgia. He is also active in the Scottish Rite.

Thomas Cassells Law, who is noted as a chemist and president of the largest industrial laboratory in the South, was born in Hartsville, S. C. on December 17th, 1880. He graduated from the University of South Carolina, A.B., 1903. The same year he moved to Atlanta and at once became prominent by organizing one of the first industrial laboratories south of the Mason and Dixon Line, giving especial attention to researches designed to effect the better control of chemical processes as applied to manufacturing industries. His firm handles more than 40,000 samples a year, having clients in every State and many foreign countries. He is a past President of the American Oil Chemists Society, and past President of the Georgia Chapter, American Chemical Society.

On December 23rd, 1908, Noble Law married Miss Sallie White Paschal, in Thompson, Georgia, and they have a daughter and a son.



NOBLE W. L. SMITH, JR.
*Osiris Temple
Wheeling, W. Va.*

Potentate William L. Smith, Jr., of Osiris, lives in Chester, W. Va. He entered the Shrine in 1913 and has been a very active worker ever since. He marched and evolved for eight years as a member of the Temple Patrol, served four years as High Priest and Prophet, one year as Assistant Rabban and one year as Chief Rabban.

He belongs to Chester Lodge, No. 142; Hancock Chapter No. 14, New Cumberland, W. Va.; Wheeling Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar.

Noble Smith was born in East Liverpool, Ohio, on June 6th, 1886. He is married and has a son 15 years old.

He is a manufacturer of dinner ware exclusively in the firm of Taylor, Smith & Taylor Co., and has lived in Chester since 1905.

When asked to name his hobby he said: "Shrine work."

Osiris Temple is the largest in the State of West Virginia, having a membership on January 1st, 1928 of 3,419. This gives Potentate Smith plenty of opportunities to ride his hobby.

NOBLE T. E. STINSON
*Moslem Temple
Detroit, Mich.*



Observe the satisfied look of Tunis E. Stinson, P. P. How come the "P. P."? Past Potentate? Not at all. Proud Potentate. The very good reason for that is that Moslem Temple gets its first Imperial Potentate en futuro in his administration as illustrious Potentate for 1928 of its 10,668 members, due to the recent election by the Imperial Council of Judge Clyde I. Webster as Imperial Outer Guard. Moslem has never had an Imperial Potentate, but at last is in a fair way to reach that pinnacle, and naturally T. E. is pleased.

Potentate Stinson was born in London, Canada nearly 48 years ago, and was so indifferent to the charms and wonders of Detroit that he waited until his tenth year to cross the line and settle there. Then he began to grow up with the town, and later in Masonry and Shrinedom. He is secretary-treasurer of the City Lumber Company.

Noble Stinson was chairman of Moslem's circus committee for six years, and perhaps got more kick out of that than anything else he has done in the Temple. The net proceeds bought all the uniforms of the various bodies, besides giving a cash reserve each year into the Temple's general fund. Then, of course, he spent several years in the official line.

Noble Stinson is Past Master of Kilwinning Lodge, No. 297; member of Peninsular Chapter, No. 16; Detroit Commandery, No. 1; Michigan Scottish Rite Consistory.

NOBLE W. J. CRAIG
*Abou Ben Adhem Temple
Springfield, Mo.*



Bill Craig is the Potentate this year of that one "whose name appeared above all the rest," after only eight years as a Shriner, and at the early age of 38. Since he was born and raised in Springfield the folks down there must be faster than the rest of us thought they were.

Potentate Craig was born on December 5, 1889. He is connected with the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Company, on the staff of the superintendent of motive power in Springfield.

Just upon the turning of his 22nd birthday he became an Entered Apprentice in Gate of the Temple Lodge No. 422. He went to work like the proverbial beaver, and apparently there was more work than refreshment, since he soon went into the line and five years after being qualified to receive Master Mason's wages he was Master of the Lodge.

The same year he became a Master Mason he was made a Royal Arch Mason in Vincil No. 110 and a Royal and Select Master in Zabud Council No. 25, R. & S. M. He served Vincil Chapter as High Priest in 1917. In January, 1920, he was received into St. John's Commandery No. 20, Knights Templar, Springfield, and in the same month was made a Noble of the Mystic Shrine in Abou Ben Adhem Temple. Two years later he was appointed Outer Guard and started up the ladder to potedom.

Noble Craig is also a member of Joplin Consistory No. 3, Valley of Joplin, Mo., Scottish Rite, and St. Christopher Conclave No. 56, Order of the Red Cross of Constantine.

Abou Ben Adhem is less than 25 years old and has made steady gains in membership, having 2513 on January 1, 1928. And the motto this year, more than ever, says Recorder Lewis N. Cogley, is: "Watch Us Grow."

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

RECORDERS' ASSOCIATION

At the annual meeting of the Shrine Recorders' Association, in Miami, Past President medals were presented by Imperial Potentate Dunbar to Nobles F. Lawrence Walker, Almas, Washington, D. C.; James W. Barber, Syria, Pittsburgh; Walter T. King, Osman, St. Paul; Leslie H. Swan, India, Oklahoma City; Fred W. DeLaney, Mahi, Miami.

Noble Dunbar said that "Potentates may come and potentates may go, but the Recorder, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever."

There was an attendance of 93 Recorders, including four new ones, who were introduced from the platform. They were Nobles Robert S. Abernethy, Aahmes, Oakland, Cal.; Arthur W. Mann, Hadi, Evansville, Ind.; S. E. Birdsong, Jr., Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.; Alfred H. Moe, Aad, Duluth, Minn.

After considerable discussion it was decided that the Association would not recommend that a complete roster of the Shrine membership be assembled and maintained at one central point, presumably the office of the Imperial Recorder. It was pointed out that in 52 years only two temples have lost their lists, and that the cost of the project would be about \$30,000.

Upon the motion of Noble Wolston the Association passed a resolution suggesting that hereafter temples which receive a new member by demit from another should notify the old temple of the member's change of affiliation.

A motion that hereafter suspension notices to delinquent members should be mailed first-class instead of registered mail was defeated.

A show of hands indicated that two-thirds of the temples suspend for delinquency at the end of two years, the others at the end of one year.

Eulogies were read for the late Noble Benjamin W. Rowell, Imperial Recorder, of Aleppo, Boston, and the late Noble George H. Smith, Recorder of Aahmes, Oakland, Cal.

The last order of business was the election of officers for the year, and President Fred W. DeLaney designated Nobles Swan, Rowland and Peck to act as tellers. The officers went up automatically, as follows: president, Frank B. Lazier, Nile, Seattle; first vice-president, G. E. Kepple, Arabia, Houston; second vice-president, Frank J. Herman, Jerusalem, New Orleans; secretary-treasurer, William L. Cooley, (re-elected) Kerbel, Knoxville. The only contest was for the foot of the line, third vice-presidency, which went to John F. Gerschow, Moslem, Detroit. He received 48 votes to 30 for Arthur J. Kelly, Jr., Ararat, Kansas City.

A telegram expressing the hope of the Association for the speedy recovery of its new president, Noble Frank Lazier, Recorder of Nile, Seattle, was sent to Lazier.

Noble Wallace Tyler, Past Master of Belton Lodge, District Deputy Grand Master, formerly a special justice of the Texas Supreme Court, has been appointed secretary to Imperial Potentate Jones. He is the Imperial's law partner in Houston. Noble Tyler was born in Belton, Texas, on May 7th, 1884, son of the late Hon. G. W. Tyler and Sue Wallace Tyler. He attended Randolph-Macon Academy in Virginia and

COMING EVENTS

July 1st-7th—Al Bahr, San Diego, Cal., Music festival at Temple's country club.

July 2nd—Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, Ceremonial.

July 12th—Ismailia, Buffalo, Shrine European cruise.

July 14th—Afifi, Tacoma, Wash., Shrine picnic, Southwestern Washington Fair Grounds, Centralia.

July 19th—El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D., family barbecue.

August 3rd—Islam's Oriental tour starts from San Francisco.

August 14th—Nile, Seattle, Pilgrimage to Alaska.

September 8th—New York State Shrine Council, field day at Niagara Falls.

October 4th—El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D., Sousa's Band, Sousa in person leading.

the University of Texas, and belongs to Beta Theta Pi. Noble Tyler's father was Grand Master of Texas, Grand Commander, Texas K. T., and a member of the judiciary committee of the State Grand Lodge.

CAAD,

DULUTH, MINN.

More than 1,000 Shriners gathered from Duluth, Superior and the iron range towns for the annual Spring Ceremonial of Aad Temple. An old-fashioned minstrel show was the entertainment. Fifty Novices were initiated. The Masonic Temple was the scene of the dinner.

CAAHMES,

OAKLAND, CAL.

"Pandora in Lilac Time," featuring former stars from the "Student Prince," in a cast of 150 players, held the boards at the Oakland Auditorium.



(Tampa greeted the convention visitors with a fez that stood forty feet in the air. It was located on Davis Islands.

rium Theater as an Aahmes production on May 9-10-11-12. Running neck and neck with the cast in popular favor were the concerts of the Aahmes Band, members of which will get new uniforms out of the proceeds.

On May 16th there was a short form Ceremonial for out-of-town candidates. The members living in Humboldt County staged a big dinner dance on May 19th in the Masonic Temple of Eureka. A stag party for "just us boys" was greatly enjoyed on June 2nd at Myrtleleaf Hot Springs in Napa County. The dinner and entertainment spoke volumes for the good work done by the North Bay Counties Shrine Club and the Temple's out-of-town committee.

CABBA, MOBILE, ALA.

Shriners gathered from 15 Alabama counties for Abba's Spring Ceremonial. Committee officials of the festivities and serious work were Nobles E. D. Flynn, C. W. Hempstead, J. G. Adler, H. Earl Austin, N. D. Cunningham, B. F. Midgett, G. A. Muths, L. B. Freeland, C. H. Austin, Jr., Charles A. Day, Edward Norton.

CACCA,

RICHMOND, VA.

Farmville was the scene of a Ceremonial held by this Temple on May 29th. The Band and Chanters headed a large delegation from this city, being met in Farmville by nearly every Shriner living in those parts, whence came most of the eager candidates. There was a parade from the station to the State Teachers College and the Weyanoke Hotel. On the campus of the former there was a Patrol drill and a Band concert. Both sections of the Ceremonial were held in the Eacho Theater, and the banquet at State Teachers College.

CAFIFI, TACOMA, WASH.

Afifi had perhaps the most spectacular demonstrations at Miami when its "Afifi-Tacoma" Shrine emblem, hanging over an Egyptian tent, was illuminated by a button pressed in Tacoma more than 3,500 miles away. Director General W. H. Pridgen estimated that the stunt was witnessed by 60,000 persons in the grandstands and the Garden of Allah. This transcontinental hook-up was through the courtesy of the Western Union, with its compliments to Afifi and Mahi Temples. Noble W. K. Phillips, Miami superintendent of the Western Union, was in charge, while in Tacoma the company's officiating representative was R. R. Sprinkle.

At the instant the power was flashed on Afifi's Band, Patrol, Divan, Nobility, with several Tacoma city officials, staged a special parade. Potentate J. Orval Rummens and Edward B. King, permanent Representative, heralded the event over loud speakers just before the power was released in Tacoma. As the sign was illuminated massed bands struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." [Shrine News Continued on page 40]

JULY, 1928

THE BANAL BLONDE

[Continued from page 32]

insisted. "It isn't with the head one remembers a child."

She twisted her soft hands together. "The little gifts you sent," she told him, "had grown very large by the time they reached me. You can't know how empty a child's life can be when all the commonplace things are left out . . . things like love. I've thought about it a lot since I've been old enough to make comparisons. I've watched other girls. Eve sent me to a very expensive, very smart school, where most of the girls were daughters of divorce. Their mothers and fathers had married again and there wasn't any place where these girls really belonged. Their mothers wrote them clever, casual notes once in a while like the notes Eve sent me, and their fathers gave them plenty of spending money. But those girls were not happy, any more than I was happy."

She looked up at Herbert with a sort of shy shrewdness.

"I'm going to tell you a secret," she said. "You hear a lot and you read a lot about the terrible young people. But it's really the middle-aged ones that are wild, the middle-aged ones that keep on staying young like Eve. Those of us who are really young aren't craving excitement, like they say we do. We've had excitement all about us always till we are sick of it. What we are hungry and thirsty for is the kind of thing we haven't had—the fussy, old-fashioned sort of love that would worry about us and scold us but never fail us."

Herbert laughed aloud. "You're a quaint little soul," he said. "Are you predicting a sort of Puritan rebellion of the young?"

"Maybe," she met his laughter. "Perhaps your theory has something in it," Herbert conceded. "But I have always thought of you as an individual, not as a sign of your times. I prefer to keep on thinking of you that way—all by yourself throwing Melisse into the asbcan."

Celia glowed; her white-and-goldness was positively incandescent.

"Then you really have thought of me?" she said joyfully.

Herbert had a heady sensation of floating on a blissful blue sea with the sunlight warm about him. He rose abruptly.

"This is absurd!" he exclaimed. "The sort of thing that only happens in silly, sentimental novels."

"What is absurd?" Celia asked him.

"The way I'm feeling about you. I don't know you except as a child throwing away a foolish doll. Now I find you a woman throwing away a foolish suitor. And I tell you I love you. I love you," he repeated angrily.

"Well, I've loved you for six years and more," Celia said gently. "I've made quite a good job of it because there was no one to take my heart off it."

Herbert made a wrathful gesture.

"That's a different sort of thing," he said.

Celia swiftly crossed the space that separated them. She put her hands up against his shoulders.

"Look," she commanded. "Look at me. Is it such a different sort of thing?"

Herbert looked. Deep into her grave, blue eyes. He felt himself sinking head-on, and instinctively he gathered Celia into his arms, kissed her on her unloved mouth.

"Are you sure?" he asked after an appreciable interval, "sure that you still love me?"

"Always. For ever and ever," she promised, after the manner of a fairy tale princess.

"And you'll never turn clever on me, darling?" he pressed.

She shook her head gravely.

Herbert drew a long, deep breath of freedom.

"The utter peace of it!" he whispered against her gold hair.



Again in 1928— Silvertowns are making records!

GREAT motor car factories are using more Silvertowns than ever before.

Successful tire dealers—seeing the trend—are concentrating on Silvertowns.

Motorists by the millions are enjoying the new measure of mileage and economy they find in Silvertowns.

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Goodrich Silvertowns



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 38]

Banner" and the thousands of spectators stood at attention.

CAL BAHR, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

In the first week of July Al Bahr will jollify at its clubhouse in the Laguna Mountains, staging a music festival, participated in by bandmen from all over the State. It will be a part of a vacation program planned for the benefit of members of the Temple and their families. The festivity will end with a Ceremonial on July 7th.

Since last season another diningroom and cook house, an experimental group of five cottages and an enlarged water supply have been added to the camp. The camp is 60 miles from San Diego, about equi-distant from Imperial Valley points, with an elevation of 6,000 feet that affords splendid desert and mountain scenery.

CAL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

On his first pilgrimage Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones visited Al Bedoo on June 7th. On this account the Ceremonial planned for May 18th was postponed to that night. Everything went off with a bang and the Nobility found that the Imperial Potentate, being from Texas, "talked their language." There were plenty of candidates to go through the Moslem mill in the presence of the distinguished visitor, due to good work by the hustlers committees, spurred on by this verse from Potentate Frank B. Connelly:

"Lots of material, go get it!
You say it's hard—forget it!
Do it for Al Bedoo—make it the best
Of all Ceremonials—swell out our chest!"

CALI GHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Ali Ghan initiated 50 Novices in June at the biggest Ceremonial Shrinedom's baby temple has held since its inception. Potentate G. Guy Shoemaker and his aides are putting the Temple across in a big way.

The Temple has accepted Boumi's invitation to attend an outdoor Ceremonial in Baltimore on June 30th. Boumi being the mother Temple, Ali Ghan always feels at home in Baltimore. The Hagerstown Shrine Club of this Temple is holding regular monthly dances, which Chief Rabban Roy Leiter advises are well attended.

Noble Ralph L. Razier, who organized the Drum Corps, and has been its leader since that time, has resigned, and Noble Clifton V. Roby is his successor.

CAL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

May 21st was a big day because of popular entertainments and a Ceremonial. In the afternoon there was elaborate vaudeville for Nobles and their immediate families. This included banjo selections by Noble Eddie Peabody, and music by Noble Alex Hyde, of Ismailia, in Buffalo, leader of the Portland Theater band. In the evening there was a complimentary dinner to the ladies of Nobles living outside of Multnomah County.

CAL EE, SAVANNAH, GA.

Many temple caravans to and from Miami stopped off to be entertained, and all were received warmly and sent on their way rejoicing by a committee in charge of Noble Porter Pierpont. There was something special for each group, that in honor of the Damascus boys of Rochester, N. Y. being a fish fry by the Shrine County Club at the Casino, Thunderbolt.

CALADDIN, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Aladdin made one night or day stands all the way from Columbus to Miami and back again. Potentate Curtis C. Lattimer and his cohorts were royally received everywhere, and wherever time permitted they returned the compliment by staging a colorful street parade in various cities. They even stopped off at Clearwater, Florida, to give the glad hand to Harry R. Hanson, former Columbus resident and friend of the Potentate.

C/ALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

Aleppo had one of the largest contingents at the Miami convention, the uniformed bodies alone furnishing 376 members. There was the Drum Corps, the Patrol, 14 members of the Divan, and 75 women guests, and the rank and file of the temple delegation. Potentate Francis H. Appleton says "the ceremonies in Miami were the finest I have attended in 15 years."

CAL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Al Koran's historical fantasy and musical review, "Rolling Along with the U. S. A.," is now regarded in retrospect as one of the greatest events of the kind ever held, in the opinion of Potentate Fiebach. This production portrayed the very close intertwining of early American history and Masonry from the landing of the Pilgrims to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and thence to the landing of Lindbergh in Paris.

The profusely illustrated program of 100 pages and art cover also carries an historical resumé of Al Koran's activities from 1876 to date. A limited number of these are available to Nobles of other temples if they will write to Recorder Neville S. Harris, 3515 Euclid avenue, Cleveland.

The Spring Ceremonial was held on May 24th, among the honored guests being the potentates of the six temples in Ohio.

CAL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES

"Es Selamu Aleikum," says the Los Angeles Express in congratulating this Temple upon landing the 1929 session of the Imperial Council, at which time Noble Youngworth of this Temple will, in all probability, become Imperial Potentate. The editorial adds that it won't be long now before 100,000 Shriners are scattering sunshine and shekels in the City of the Angels. The greatest gift to the city will be good will, it asserts.

The editor visualizes a great camel caravan, adding that "the camel riding will be done more or less metaphorically. A good portion of the Nobility, while undeniably handsome, are also large and wide, and while the lithe lads who make up the Arab Patrols could ride the most reluctant camel that ever wore a hump, most of the caravans will be of Pullman cars. The oasis of Los Angeles will be a great garden of many delights and there will be dates and camel's milk for all."

CAL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

Potentate J. Lane Mullally and the Macon faithful welcomed all Miamiward Nobles to such good effect that the entire city joined, and the Macon Telegraph got out a special section of 32 pages, in colors, and profusely illustrated with scenic views and pictures of visiting Shrine notables. The Board of Water Commissioners took a page to welcome "Our Country's Shriners."

Mayor Luther Williams opined that "they will get to love this place so well that they will yearn to make it their permanent abode," and the Macon Chamber of Commerce announced that "it must be a dull place where Shriners are not welcome. Wherever people love joy and laughter, prosperity and well-being, good-fellowship and the milk of human kindness, Shriners must be welcome."

CALZAFAR,

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

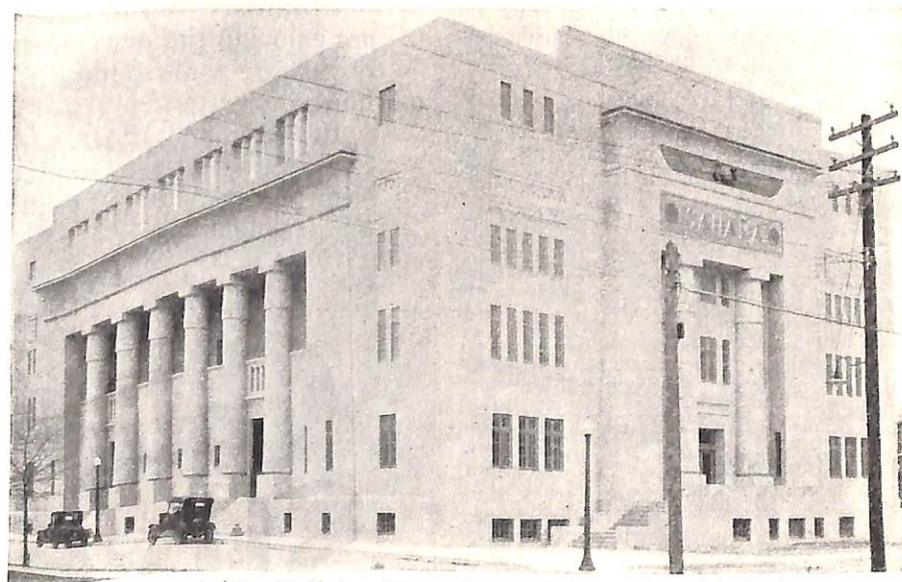
Jack Lomax's potherhood will always be splashed with fraternal color because of the many wandering temple delegations that were entertained by him and his Alzafar cohorts, going to and returning from Miami.

The final Spring indoor entertainment was held on May 10th, when the Main Avenue High Girls Glee Club sang merrily for all Master Masons and their families, as guests of Alzafar.

CANAH, BANGOR, MAINE

The first Ceremonial to be held under the jurisdiction of Potentate Carl C. Haynes occurred at the City Hall on April 20th. Nobles from the entire eastern and northern parts of the State were in attendance. Bangor's citizens were greatly interested in the parade which preceded the ceremonial. Other features were a banquet, a concert by the Band and a naval program by the Anah Temple Drum Corps.

[Shrine News Continued on page 44]



(Sabara's (Pine Bluff) beautiful new Mosque which was dedicated in April.

JULY, 1928

THE PORTRAIT ON THE GLOWING WALL

[Continued from page 19]

unharnessed and bivouacked to get rest for the battle which might be expected at dawn.

These were raw reserve troops; going virtually into their first action. And suddenly—down the road sounded a rattle and clang as of a mighty army advancing; and the quick German ear for music caught the strains of the dread British battle-hymn "Tipperary." Next—swift, gigantic engines of war manned by cheering, exultant enemies, were down upon them. One of those sudden panics of raw troops ran like mercury through the German flying column. The Uhlans leaped for their horses. Without waiting to saddle, they rode "on the halter" blindly back toward their own lines. The artillerymen also rushed to horse; the extra forces tagged after them on foot, to encounter, as the hectic dawn of the Marne broke, I know not what adventures with death or capture.

Probably the most useless figure of the war was the old King of Montenegro. When it became patent that his little country must take sides, he bargained. The Allies offered him the better terms; he endorsed a world safe for democracy. A few months later, the Central powers had overrun his country. He had double-crossed them so often that the atmosphere seemed likely to grow unhealthy. He withdrew therefore to France.

During a lull in the battles of 1916, he made his official visit to the British front; and Headquarters arranged to parade the army for him. As usual a Court Chamberlain arrived in advance to perfect the arrangements. This functionary informed the proper board that the King intended to bestow on the British army decorations of the Order of St. Vitus—or something—in the following order: three of the First Class, six of the Second Class, four of the Third Class, and one of the Fourth Class. That board of G. H. Q. which was charged with the ornamental function of assigning honors, met in solemn conference. Three of the First Class. One of these must of course go to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. The others they assigned to Major-Generals Byng and Wilson. Six of the Second Class. They selected six deserving Brigadier-Generals. Four of the Third Class. Colonels for those. One of the Fourth Class. Hardly worth assigning—but there was First Lieutenant Brown-Bjones. He was a quiet chap who had done good work as yet unrecognized by a decoration. So they tossed this last honor lightly to young Brown-Bjones, transmitted their list to the Court Chamberlain and adjourned.

The day of the royal visit arrived. The King, in an opera bouffe dress uniform, reviewed four divisions. Then the Court attendants set out a table furnished with the decorations; the army formed a hollow square; the ceremony of investiture into the order of St. Vitus began. First Class—Haig, Byng and Wilson stepped forward. The King affixed to their breasts three skimpy little baggage-tags. Second Class—six Brigadier-Generals walked away with medals somewhat larger and richer. Third Class—these were very fine medals, solid gold. The members of the Board, standing respectfully at attention, began to see a great light. But what could they do? One cannot interrupt a King! As for the King, he was going placidly ahead, King-fashion, doing what his attendants and apparitors had told him to do. Brown-Bjones stepped forward. And over his liver, the King clasped a disc as big as a soup plate, glittering with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The Board rushed [Continued on page 45]

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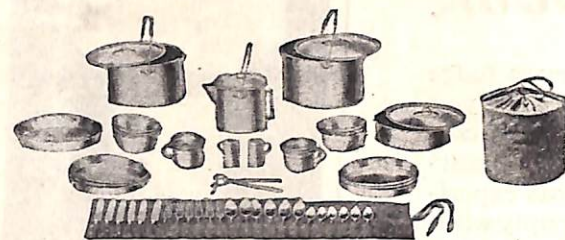
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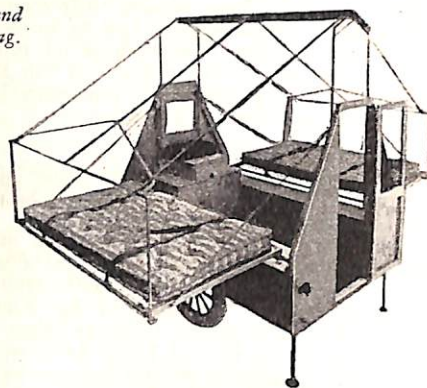
Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Managing the Motor Meal



(Left)
A menu including everything from planked fish to apple pie is possible with a camping cookstove.

A space-saving kit provides utensils and cutlery nesting into its own waterproof bag.



This complete trailer carries bed and board and makes the motorist luxuriously independent. (Right)

MOTORING, week-ending, vacationing—all America has the caravan habit and approximates the Arabs who "carry their tents and silently steal away." The auto deserves a sincere vote of thanks for encouraging outing tastes and an increased appreciation of the healthful pleasures of outdoor living. Nowadays even "Mother" refuses to let the menfolk have all the fun of roughing it, but gets her house tasks done early, packs "the makings" into the tonneau and accompanies her family to enjoy a restful day or recreating trip.

Equipment and accessories for outdoor housekeeping show as much advance as motor-cars. It is no longer necessary to depend on the emergency campfire, though perhaps the true woodsman always will prefer its glowing coals to other fuel. A substantial wire grid with four spiked folding supports utilizes the campfire more conveniently by affording a level surface on which to rest skillet and the bubbling coffee pot whose aroma so tantalizes the hungry tourist.

More regulated cooking, "just like home," permitting a menu including everything from planked fish to apple pie, with hot biscuits on the side, is possible with one of the special camp cooking kits. These come in single, double, and even triple burner size, and are designed to use gasoline under pressure which provides a clean, intense cooking flame. These kits may be placed on the ground, or raised to waist level on a light portable stand, both of which nest into suitcase size. A built-in "baffle" or metal back and sides will protect the fire against winds; in some models this windbreak forms a top oven which can be lowered and under which roasts, as well as biscuits and johnny-cake can be cooked to perfection.

Folding also are the improved lightweight metal tables and benches or seats which so trickily collapse into a weight of about 14 pounds, and a space averaging 2" x 12" x 38". These occupy otherwise idle corners of the car, yet like the miraculous table set before Aladdin, open instantly to accommodate six or eight persons both for eating and seating. With such an outfit, a party can be comfortable anywhere, even on the edge of a mountain or in the fragrant pine woods of a "Nature dining-room," not listed among local hotels.

Several types of ingenious picnic basket are worthy the motorist's attention. These are deep and narrowly rectangular, designed to stay put when strapped on the running board. Their basket exterior is lined with a

metal compartment, one division for holding food, the other to contain ice. There is also an iceless refrigerator cooling by evaporation, which will keep fresh and chill such perishable supplies as baby's bottle, milk, butter, bottled beverages, etc. Everyone knows how practical are the jugs, jars, and various containers designed on the vacuum principle. One of the newest of these is straight-sided, enameled in jade, and with a wide opening down which to pack salads, ice creams, and the solid foods which one desires to carry along and yet find appetizingly chilled at the end of a dusty spin; or equally to keep hot or cold over a 24 hour period.

The wise motorist or picnicker does not weight himself with the cast-off relics of the china closet, but purchases a mess kit or assembles one from unbreakable aluminum or enamel dishes, light, and easy to cleanse. One space saving kit is to be had which provides small plates, bowls, cups and cutlery, all of which cleverly pack together into the space of a bucket, protected by its own waterproof cover. Handles are to be avoided as awkward in packing; there are cups with spring handles which compactly nest, and cooking pots can be more conveniently gripped and lifted from the outdoor fire by the aid of a stout-jawed wire lifter. For the autoist who likes fresh fruit brought along the way, or who delights in "mulligan," clam chowder and similar chow, let me suggest deep handle-

less aluminum bowls as the most ideal service.

The well made paper plate and cup have their uses, but more satisfying to lap dining is the new fiber tray with several depressions for holding different kinds of food—sandwich, salad, beverage and cake. For those who like to eat lying down, in the old Roman fashion, the suggestion to take along an oilcloth dining cover may not come amiss. This oilcloth colored and patterned if one wishes should be tacked along one edge to a smooth pole, and kept rolled up, map fashion, when not in use. Unrolled, it surpasses linen in sanitation and in staying put, and is guaranteed to keep out inquisitive ants.

Just what kind of menu should be selected for the motor meal will depend on age, sex, and the number in the party. The familiar "bacon bat" is still a favorite with the younger sets. Here, bacon grilled and placed in a roll, with roasted or boiled corn on the cob, fruit, coffee or milk, is a simple but satisfactory camp meal. Frankfurters likewise grilled are other favorites, and if supplemented with potato chips, salad, or a chowder, offer another choice. The joys of a shore dinner are realized near the ocean and may begin with cream of mussel soup, or a clam chowder. Follow this with fried eel or fish, flank it with innumerable cups of coffee and pilot biscuit, and end with a quarter section of watermelon eaten on the half shell.

When there's a crowd which likes cooking its own, try the Americanized version of a stand-by Turkish dish called "shish-ke-bab." This consists of small pieces of meat, rings of onion and tomato, grilled over a coals fire. Allow ½ pound tender round steak, 2 onions, and a few slices of bacon for each person participating. The steak should be cut into one-inch cubes, the onions and tomatoes sliced rather thickly, and the long bacon slices halved. The trick is for each person to have a clean whittled stick and thread it, as it were, beginning with bacon, the onion, then tomato, then beef, repeating until the entire stick is covered. With a large central fire, all of the party can grill their "shish-ke-bab" at the same time.

The ever-ready cold canned meal needs no cooking and can be selected in countless vari-

[Continued on page 43]

JULY, 1928

ation from the corner grocery, the small outpost store, or taken from home. A canned or potted meat, tuna or mackerel in tomato sauce, asparagus tips with mayonnaise, these substantial with plenty of canned fruit and fancy crackers, will give the women of the party every leisure. Rolls carry better than bread; bacon sliced and wrapped in waxed paper, a chop, or a short steak, are the readiest meats; coffee or butter keep more safely in tight covered tin.

Choose which motor meal you prefer:

PICNIC PARTY MENU

Egg-Mayonnaise-Potato Salad with Sliced Cucumber
Veal Loaf Slices
Cream-Cheese-and-Pineapple Sandwiches
Grape-Juice Punch
Brick Ice-Cream Carry along Loaf cake

THE CAMP-FIRE MENU

Grilled short steaks Corn on the cob
Fried potatoes or potato chips
Buttered rolls Coffee
Huckleberries in half canteloupe

THE SHORE DINNER

Fresh mussel salad, French dressing
Clam Chowder, pilot crackers
Fried local fish Sour pickles
Buttered rolls Cob corn or potatoes boiled in skin
Watermelon

THE GASOLINE STOVE MEAL

Canned Cornbeef, with onion and potato stew
Baking Powder Biscuits or Corn Dodgers
Tomato and Cheese Frizzle
Sliced Peaches, strawberries, other fruit

With this issue of the magazine, Shrine Service departments must be discontinued. The action is taken regretfully, for the departments have had a career of proved usefulness and of warranted popularity; but THE SHRINE MAGAZINE itself, by the order of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine, is to be discontinued at the end of the current year. Hence no further development of the Service departments is possible. Readers are asked, therefore, not to send the letters of inquiry and the requests for aid and advice which these departments have invoked in such quantity each month, since with the discontinuance of the departments it will be impossible to answer the communications.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 35]

O'mi'gosh! Suppose he were using it on you, Noble! I never thought of that! But I can tell you how you may know, if he is! If you think he is using Indifference on you, he isn't; if you think he isn't, he's got it working on you! Indifference is like that!

A kid's tale, but we were talking of kids! Talking of giving them a Fat Chance and then wandering off, wondering whether the Devil had his Fat Chance with you, by using the tool of Indifference.

I am old-fashioned. God is mighty personal to me. The Bible does not describe God. Those who wrote it knew each of us would have his own idea of what God looked like. Some old-fashioned folks used to think that he was a stern faced old man with whiskers, one hand full of hell fire and the other full of damnation. Very properly they were afraid of Him. I was never afraid of God. I know He is a smiling God who sees all the little broken bodies going into Shriners Hospitals and coming out whole and happy. I believe He smiles kindly every time a Shriner sends in two "bucks" for the hospitals. I know that any man who goes to hell will look around in vain for a Shriner. A Shriner there? Fat Chance!

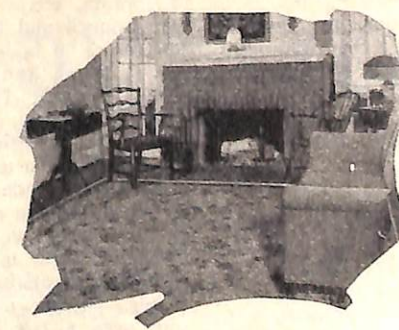


In Legislative Halls-and Homes of Charm!

ASCENDING the steps that lead to Colorado's new State Capitol, in Denver, one expects to find the same note of impressive dignity repeated within. Nor is one disappointed; for the floor coverings, in harmony with the interior design, are "by Mohawk." In spite of the severe use they must undergo, they will preserve their beauty. Mohawks are woven to wear.

The qualities which fit Mohawk fabrics for public and institutional use are precisely the qualities which have placed them in thousands of American homes—and will introduce them into thousands more. Hence, in choosing rugs and carpets for your home you will do well to remember that, somewhere in the wide range of Mohawk weaves, there is the one perfect fabric for your needs.

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS-AMSTERDAM, N. Y.



MOHAWK

RUGS & CARPETS

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 40]

ANSAR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Tales about deep sea fish "that long" were brought back from Miami by Nobles Ludwig Rauzi, Howard C. Fisher, Leon Jaeger, William H. Moffett and W. T. Suhly.

ANTIOCH, DAYTON, OHIO

The Spring Ceremonial was held on May 18th, celebrating the Temple's 30th birthday. The affair began at 6.00 P. M. with a dinner, followed by a Band concert, then hot sands and fun. The public preliminaries took up all afternoon, including a grand parade to the fair grounds from the Dayton Shrine Club.

ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Arabia is sitting pretty, with the Imperial Potentate as its great big national Exhibit A. The Temple continues to bask in the effulgence of Miami's rousing acclaims, and the recollection that the city will long remember Arabia's six shooter cowboys and "Silent Frank," the big steer. The Nobility here staged a reception and jollification for Imperial Potentate Jones on May 16th, in which several hundreds joined as representatives of every Shrine temple in the Lone Star State.

BEDOUI, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Twelve full blooded Indians formed the grand front and center of this Temple's delegation of trippers to Miami.

BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEXAS

A dazzling parade on Congress Avenue informed the citizenry of Austin that Ben Hur was evolving its regular Spring Ceremonial. There was no "horse play" in the parade, but the spectacle of the candidates going down the avenue holding on to the rope indicated the unusual. All uniformed bodies participated. The Novices came from Austin, Lytton Springs, Granger, Lockhart and Bastrop.

The Past Potentate's fez was presented to Noble William J. Bell, who presided over Ben Hur in 1911.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

On May 4th ground was broken for the construction of a new temple to cost \$950,000. The next day a long caravan of the faithful made a pilgrimage to outlying towns in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, including Phillipsburg, Belvidere and Washington. The Chanters contributed to the program at each stop. In Phillipsburg the program included a concert, drill and banquet.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Egyptians stood shoulder to shoulder with Mahians in welcoming the Miami pilgrims from hither and yon. With their city officials, civic bodies, their cars and their homes, their parties and their feeds, they carried out to the letter this welcome of the Tampa Times:



Noble Edwin Mordant, the well-known actor, has joined the managerial staff of the new Lincoln Hotel in New York.

"Welcome Shriners! Come right in, Tampa greets you; she's your friend. Mighty glad to have you here, Shriners from afar and near.

With your fez so bright and gay, Every Shriner has his day. Though you're only passing through, Welcome, Shriners, we're for you. W. M."

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

Jebelites who swing clubs and massage bunkers are in the throes of their annual trophy golf tournament, many of the players in which are golfers. The qualifying round for the Charles E. Wells trophy was held on May 5th and 6th, and for the El Jebel Club Scottish foursome trophy on June 2nd and 3rd. Other trophies will be at stake in July, August, September and October.

Members of the Temple are impatiently awaiting the completion of the new country club building.

EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

El Kalah's Representatives returned from the Imperial Council sessions in Miami and a side trip to Havana without Noble Schramm, who was injured in an automobile accident near Largo, Florida, on May 9th. His back was wrenched, and he was severely bruised.

At the meeting on May 23rd Potentate James S. Hibbert displayed relics of his trip to Havana.

EL RIAD, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

On May 25th El Riad held one of its most important events, a Ceremonial celebrating its 40th anniversary. According to the Potentate, Dr. George R. Laning, "it was a frabjous day."

In the afternoon a joint outdoor concert was given on the lawn of the Public Library by El Riad's Band and The Sunshine Club. The respective leaders were Otto H. Anderson and W. Herbert Roberts.

Past Potentate Otis L. Ross was marshal of the ceremonial parade. The subsequent banquet was served by the ladies of the Eastern Star. The film "An Equal Chance" and the Mabel Connell musical review were features of the entertainment which supplemented the initiation.

EL ZAGAL, FARGO, N. D.

A notable Shrine festival on June 8th made still more effective by the presence of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones, topped off Masonic home-coming week from June 3rd to 9th, inclusive. Shriners, of course, took prominent parts in all the significant events, which drew visitors from both Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota, etc. The blue Lodges, Chapter, Council and Commandery, and all the Scottish Rite bodies, put on their work in full form, all leading up to the Shrine festival, Imperial Potentate's visitation and Ceremonial.

On that occasion, El Zagal staged for Masonry in general and the public at large a gorgeous parade and magnificent pageant. A feature of the day was the participation in the Shrine events of a delegation from Zuhrah Temple in Minneapolis.

The social affairs of the week included a picnic, parties, dances, banquets, concerts and even a trip to the Detroit Lakes in Minnesota.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

The May business meeting was on the 16th, when Potentate Clarence H. Blemker and the other three Representatives reported on their activities in Miami. The



Noble James T. Clyde, Mecca, who is managing director of the new Lincoln Hotel, New York.

entertainment arranged by Noble Dave Roberts included Noble Eddie Rech's all-girl minstrel show of 35 singing, dancing and joking beauties. They repeated their success of last year. On the 18th Nobles and other Masons and their ladies were entertained by Isis Temple No. 41, Daughters of the Nile, including dancing.

May 24th was the date of the dinner-dance party, led off with jazz music by seven girls. Noble Spence Maidlow also secured the presence of William Herschel, the poet, who read selections of verse.

Noble E. H. Ireland is writing an interesting weekly historical article in Hadi's "Hot Sands."

HAMASA, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Hamasa sent a rousing and rollicking bunch to Miami, and one Noble put the Temple and Meridian on the front page of countless newspapers by flying there. L. C. Pope slept too late on the day the boys took the train, so he chartered an airplane and welcomed the others when they reached Miami.

HILLAH, ASHLAND, ORE.

Hillah is the first Temple to make reservations for the 1929 sessions of the Imperial Council in Los Angeles. This was done on May 3rd, the day the news of the Supreme Council's choice of a convention city was announced.

INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

The Temple's Representatives to the Miami sessions and the 250 of the faithful who accompanied them were hosts at a round of receptions from the Nobles of El Mina in Galveston and Hella in Dallas.

ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

Reservations continue to come in for the Pacific trip, leaving here on the Dollar Line President Taft on August 3rd, returning on October 31st, after visiting the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, the Philippines and Australia. There will be Ceremonials in Yokohama, Shanghai and Hongkong, in which places 125 Novices have already been lined up. Potentate Phillip A. Erbes will hold others en route, and a dispensation has been granted for an initiation in Auckland, New Zealand, if local arrangements can be made there upon arrival.

"Islam," the baby camel which had its formal christening in the gold ballroom of the Palace Hotel, will soon be big enough to take his place as one of the city's celebrities.

This Temple has had many human lions at its luncheons, but none who roared as loud as Miss Betty Kenyon's wrestling tiger when the local Shriners annoyed him with

[Shrine News Continued on page 48]

JULY, 1928

THE PORTRAIT ON THE GLOWING WALL

[Continued from page 41]

back to Headquarters and consulted the authorities. There, they discovered that Montenegrin decorations ran contrary to western European rules—that the First Class was the lowest and the Fourth the highest. Young Brown-Bjones had carried off Sir Douglas Haig's decoration.

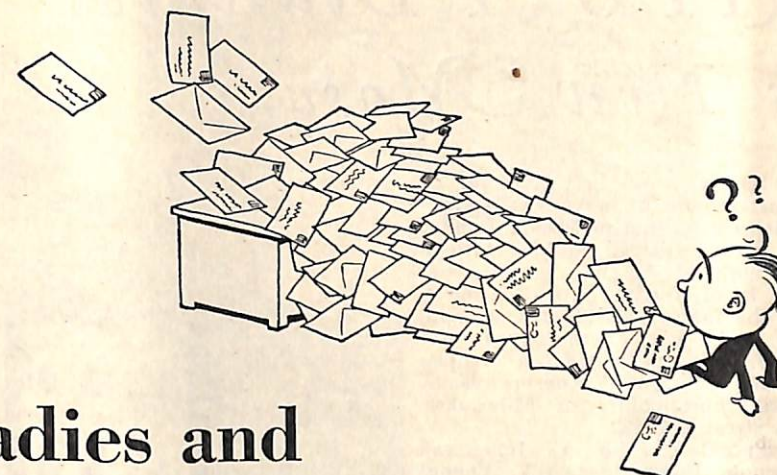
One of the Canadian regiments—if memory serves it was the Princess Pat's—recruited in 1914 a wild man of a Hudson Bay trapper who had spent all his life acquiring the arts of the wilderness. He reported at camp wearing a fur cap and carrying his rather old-fashioned lever-action repeating rifle. By trickery and chicanery, he clung to that antiquated weapon all through his training period. The Canadians were equipped in the beginning with the modern, super-power Ross rifle. Using this appliance, the trapper qualified as a moderately good shot. But sometimes of afternoons he would get out his own gun and entertain his comrades by picking the pips out of playing cards at fifty yards. One day an officer saw him at it. This combination of man and gun might be useful, the officer said to himself, in trench tactics. And so when the First Canadian contingent sailed for France, the old pump-gun, with several hundred rounds of ammunition, was tucked somewhere into the chinks of the baggage.

When the regiment settled itself into the earth for its first "trench turn," a curious, perturbing thing began to happen. Their night patrols, crawling between the lines for a look at the enemy positions, were constantly and mysteriously picked off by the German snipers.

The officer who had intervened in the matter of the rifle bethought himself of the trapper; assigned him to use all his woodcraft in solving this mystery. For three nights the wild man of Hudson Bay crawled among the wires to both sides of the Canadian position. And on the third night he found the answer. The Germans had painted with phosphorus their side of a row of stakes which held up the barbed wire. From the British trenches, the phosphorescence was invisible. But all night, German snipers lay with their sights trained on those slivers of light. When a shadow blotted out the base of one of them—a British picket was crawling past.

"Let me fix 'em," pleaded the trapper when he made this report. All day he tinkered with boards and hinges and strings in the dugout, constructing what he called his "Hun-traps." These consisted of two pieces of planking, hinged together. To the top leaf of this primitive figure-four trap was hitched a string which, being pulled, would lift the leaf to a horizontal position. That night he crawled out between the lines again. Wriggling cautiously to the dark side of each post, he slipped his contrivances to the foot of the luminous side, and ran the strings back into the British trenches.

All set at last, on the next night he stationed himself at a point of observation to one side. He carried his trusty rifle; and attached to his foot was a signal line, communicating with his own trench. A jerk—and at that signal the leaf of the first trap came up, blotting out the light of the post. Three shots in rapid succession from the German sniper-nest. Again he kicked; the leaf of the second trap came up; again a burst of fire. A third time—and now he turned loose with his own antiquated rifle. He had been sighting by the flashes of the German guns. The Canadians learned afterward from prisoners, that he killed or wounded every man in the sniper's nest.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Fraternity We thank you!!

EVER since the June issue when we first began to tell the shock-absorbing story of Houdailles to you folks personally, we have been getting a big "kick" out of the way hundreds of "rough riders" have asked about Houdailles. (That is going to make the boys who publish the Shrine Magazine mighty happy.)

And now that there's a whole summer of good touring weather ahead—let's do a little checking up. First of all, most every car will take you there and bring you back now-a-days... BUT HOW? In other words, how does it ride?

You may not have realized that it's one thing to have both hands hanging onto the steering wheel, and something else again to bounce around on the back seat, with nothing to hang onto but your temper. The ladies can probably give you some pointers on that.

Thousands of car owners have found that the best way to control the tempers of their passengers is to control the car springs—with Houdaille Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. The same thing has been proved by the manufacturers of Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns-Knight, Jordan, Cunningham, McFarlan, the new Fords, and many European cars. AND HOW!!!

Your car springs work both ways, up and down, and so do Houdailles. Houdailles have a steel arm that controls the spring action in both directions. There are no straps or cables to break or give that "tied-down" feeling.

The coupon will bring you an interesting booklet about how Houdailles give a smooth ride to anywhere and a compact little license case with the Shrine Emblem in gold and fitted with a special key ring for your car keys.

HOUDAILLE Hydraulic Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS



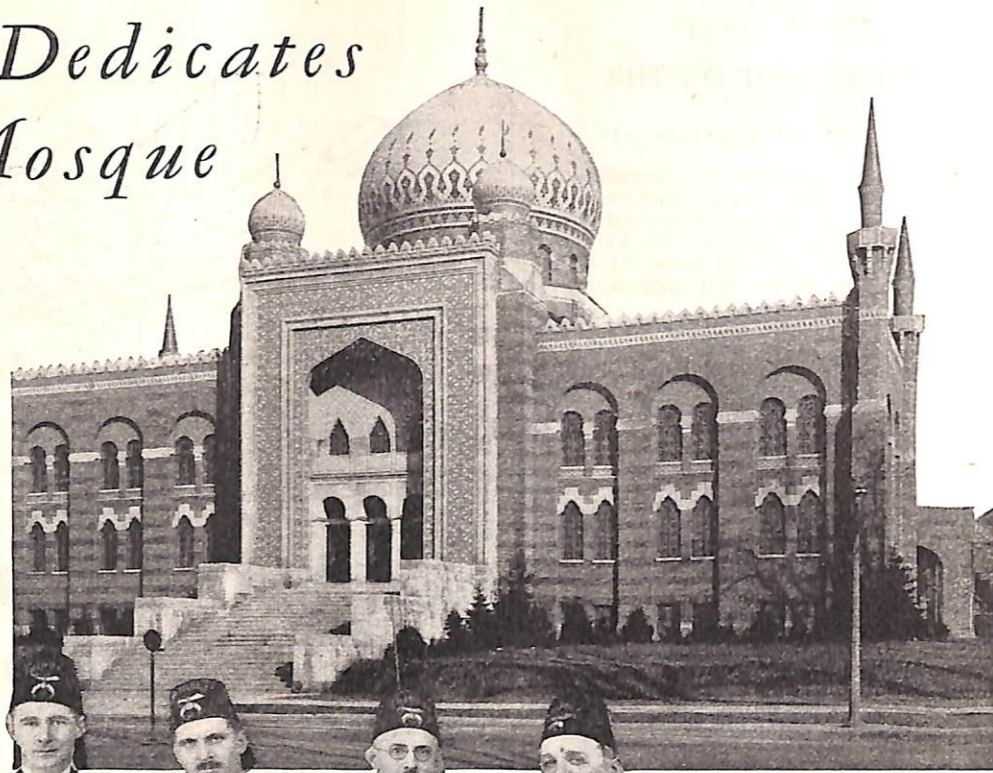
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TRIPOLI Dedicates Its New Mosque

ONE of the few and best examples of Oriental Architecture in America is represented by the new Mosque of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis., dedicated on May 14th in conjunction with the annual Spring Ceremonial. It is of Indian Saracenic motif, inspired by the famous Taj Mahal at Agra, India, said to be one of the seven most beautiful edifices in the world. It occupies a commanding site on Wisconsin avenue, the principal thoroughfare of Milwaukee, at Thirtieth street.

Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones and Imperial Deputy Potentate Leo V. Youngworth went out of their way while returning to Houston and Los Angeles from Miami to officiate at the dedication of the



(Above) Tripoli's tribute of beauty to Shrinedom—the new Mosque, dedicated in May.

(Left) Noble Edward A. Kickbaefer, Illustrious Potentate of Tripoli Temple, (Milwaukee, Wis.) and his Divan.

new Mosque. Other imperial officers present were Thomas J. Houston, of Medinah, Chicago, Imperial Assistant Rabban, and Clifford Ireland, of Mohammed, Peoria, Ill., Imperial Oriental Guide. The Imperial Potentate was obliged to leave at the close of the outdoor exercises, so as to be on time for Arabia Temple's celebration of his elevation to lead Shrinedom, to be held in Houston, Texas, on May 16th. The dedication ceremony, therefore, was carried out by Noble Youngworth.

It was the greatest gathering of Shriners ever assembled in the State of Wisconsin. Nobles came from every Shrine center in the State and from several other commonwealths.

The dedication was preceded by a parade from the Scottish Rite Cathedral, where Tripoli has maintained its offices and Shrine headquarters for the past eight years, to the new Mosque. More than 2,000 befezzed Shriners were in line, including the uniformed units of Medinah Temple, Chicago; Tebala, Rockford, Ill., and Tripoli, with the drum corps of the LaCrosse and Superior Shrine Clubs of Wisconsin.

The famous Bremen fliers, conquerors of the Atlantic from East to West, were in Milwaukee, and provided especially in their hurried visit for an appearance at the exercises. They were presented from the stage and received a thundering ovation.

There had been a heavy advance sale to the concert by the Tripoli Band. The net proceeds will go to the Convalescent Home Fund of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, in accordance with the plan of Captain Fred W. Brunkhorst of Tripoli Band, whereby every Shrine band in the United States, Canada and Mexico will give the proceeds of at least one concert a

year to the fund. At the recent Imperial Council session in Miami Noble Brunkhorst was elected President of the Shrine Music Directors Association.

Two days before the dedication, on May 12th, open house was held at the new Mosque. In the afternoon the officers of Milwaukee Pere Marquette Council No. 524, Knights of Columbus, paid an official call, bringing a huge floral tribute. They were accompanied by the Knights of Columbus chorus, which sang a special song of greeting. The incident received marked attention from the press and aroused favorable comment everywhere. Also preceding the dedication was a mammoth Spring Ceremonial in the morning. The Milwaukee unit of the Shrine hospital auxiliary put on an elaborate program for all visiting ladies.

When the doors of Tripoli Mosque swung open officially the building was free of debt. The first spade was turned with \$250,000 available. Afterward nearly an equal sum was contributed voluntarily by the Nobility, covering the cost of the structure, and virtually the entire furniture and equipment is being paid for by similar subscriptions. The total cost is estimated at \$600,000. All of the work of soliciting subscriptions was accomplished without expense to the Temple, save stenographic service and similar incidentals, the whole amounting to less than one percent of the total cost of the building. About 3300 of the 6000 Nobles of Tripoli contributed an average of \$70 each. There were two individual contributions of \$10,000.

The authority to borrow up to \$25,000 in case of an emergency was never exercised. Voluntary contributions enabled the committee to pay cash as bills were presented. Payments on pledges were unusually prompt. Noble Louis Schneller is chairman of the

building committee, his associates being Past Potentates Julius P. Heil and Fred H. Dörner, and Nobles G. C. Mueller, Henry Petran, Walter C. George and Arthur J. Novak. Past Potentate Heil is chairman of the finance committee. Noble Mueller is secretary of both committees and has devoted virtually his entire time for nearly two years to the work, at no expense to the Temple, even for travel. Other members of the committee likewise gave their time gratuitously and paid their own travel expenses.

Another unique record is that every Noble in 96 Wisconsin communities, and every Noble in 47 places outside of Wisconsin contributed.

Plans for the new Mosque were selected in a competition of nine Milwaukee architects, all Shriners. The successful plan was drawn by Clas, Shepherd & Clas, of which Noble Alfred C. Clas is head.

An imposing series of stairs approach the main entrance of the Mosque. Directly beyond the entrance is a vestibule leading into the grand foyer and reception hall with a magnificent dome overhead. These rooms are flanked on the right by the administration headquarters and wardrobes. The main lounge is on the left. A grand staircase leads from the reception room, the end of which overlooks a large room suitable for assemblies, dances, other entertainments, as well as drill hall and band practise room. The second floor contains a foyer surrounding the base of the dome, and lodge room, card and billiard rooms, etc.

The exterior is of brick in two tones and sandstone trim, with the main entrance proscenium arch and the majestic dome executed in myriad colored tiles. Each corner of the roof is topped with a minaret.

[Shrine News Continued on page 48]

JULY, 1928

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL AND JOE HATCH

[Continued from page 11]

horse to Joe for the twenty-four dollars he might have collected as stage fare. Quite a bargain, the brown one looked when they'd pried the wreckage loose and got him to his feet again. Save for abrasions and one eye that appeared to be slightly sprung, he was not much the worse. The mail wagon received a new pole and another horse was substituted before the driver was ready for another start. His bushy-whiskered passenger had taken his seat in readiness.

It was only here that Joe Hatch bethought himself of the red-haired girl, though no doubt she had done some intensive thinking on her own behalf during the interval.

"It's all right," Joe declared loudly from beside the wagon. "I'll overtake you in a mile or so."

As the stage departed, Joe admitted to himself that this was even better than he expected. As a mounted escort he would have greater mobility in defending the girl from any pursuit.

With his mind thus occupied, Joe's fingers were busy dividing his possessions into two parts. Certain necessities he wrapped in the bed-roll which he lashed to the back of his saddle now resting on Brownie's back. The remainder was stuffed into the telescoping valise, to be stored in Edson till he should send for it. His new friend, Dad Andrews of the Edson House, was selected as custodian of this baggage. Feeling that some indignity attached to his appearance, leading his horse and lugging the awkward valise, Joe turned into the alley and approached the hotel's back door. He tied his horse to the latch of the woodshed and entered directly the main foyer or lobby.

But he stopped short as his ears caught the sound of excited voices in the bar.

"I'm tellin' you he's a murderer at the very least!"

It was Dad Andrews speaking. "And just like I said, they ain't no good reason at all why you didn't get killed right in that door yesterday."

Joe risked a peep through the open doorway of the bar.

The Sergeant of Mounted Police faced Dad Andrews across the bar. A creeping panic mounted slowly up Joe's spine.

"A tall young feller with the meanest eye you ever saw," Dad Andrews continued. "Real murder eyes if I know 'em. He had his gun laid just about on that button."

The Sergeant's feet shifted uneasily then as though he had stepped back. "Gorn!" he insisted stoutly. "I don't believe it! Whatever'd the blighter want to pot me for when I had nothing on him?"

"Land, I don't know! Maybe the gal put him up to it; I see them talkin' together just before. Still it don't seem reasonable she'd want you shot, does it?"

"Nah, it ain't reasonable," the Sergeant declared. "Either you or the bloke had been drinking."

"Think so, uh? Well let me tell you something. My old woman ain't one of the scary kind, and do you know what she done? She suspicioned him right off; the minute I told her. We hid every cent in the house under the mattress last night and she made me stand the shotgun at the head of the bed too. Trouble with you if anybody else discovers a murderer with maybe five thousand reward on him, why you think he's crazy!"

"Chaps from down in the States don't bring near such money," the Sergeant objected. "Anyway, where is Alma?"

"That's what I was going to ask if you'd waited. Her bed's been slept in but she's gone."

[Continued on page 51]



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In "B. V. D.", your every movement sets up a "bellows action" that keeps fresh air in circulation next your skin. Fresh air passing through and around loose-fitting "B. V. D." undergarments, made of specially woven and treated nainsook, accelerates evaporation of perspiration and keeps the body cool.

Exclusive features, such as the patented closed crotch and encircling waist-web of "B. V. D." union suits—highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of all "B. V. D." garments—provide such fit, wear, and cool comfort as exist in no other underwear.

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Insist on this Red Woven Label



Men's Union Suit \$1.50. Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c

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Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union

Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.

Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.

Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44]

their rude yells. All but the tiger enjoyed the incident.

The Fresno Ceremonial on May 19th drew Islam men in a special train, with the Divan and uniformed organizations.

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

This Temple held a Shrine Day in the municipality of Gowanda on May 19th, with festivities that went on without interruption from early in the afternoon until midnight.

Jerusalem, New Orleans, La.

Jerusalem's Band, under the direction of Noble Dr. S. H. McAfee, took a prominent part in New Orleans' part of National Music Week. It gave an enjoyable public concert for Canal street pedestrians, stationed on Gruenwald's balcony.

Jerusalem's annual May ball was held in the Mosque on May 26th and was a splendid success. It is the one big evening each year for the children, because they have high jinks and get toys and other gifts before the dancing begins.

KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.

Members came from surrounding towns for the Spring Ceremonial, notably a big delegation from Portsmouth, Va. There was a street parade before the secret exercises.

KEM, GRAND FORKS, N. D.

The new Imperial Potentate, Frank C. Jones, was formally received on June 10th, and the Nobility was pleased that he included them in his very first swing around the circle as the head of Shrinedom.

KERAK, RENO, NEV.

There was an Elks-Shrine frolic on June 9th that would have caused a sudden rush of settlers to Nevada if anybody could have told the world in advance how good it was. The preliminary event was a trap shoot at Moana Springs, strictly a State-wide affair.

Then came the rest of the program, which was at Mackay Field, including a parade, baseball, Scout exhibition, boxing and parachute jumps.

LULU, PHILADELPHIA

That "largest bass drum in the world" in the Miami parade which caused so much newspaper comment was part of LuLu's Band, the oldest in Shrinedom, organized in 1891. It needed a truck all by itself and stood man-size.

MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.

After the captains and the kings departed the local Nobles proceeded to "mop up" the remains of what many visitors were good enough to call the most successful annual session ever held by the Imperial Council. It was a great triumph for Mahi. Mahi is still thanking the Nobility and general citizenry of all other Florida cities and towns who chipped in and helped in such a neighborly way. Favorable newspaper editorial comments have been received from all over the country.

MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

As a result of the hinterland round-up by scouts in March and April a lot of the unwashed, Shrinically speaking, hurried across the desert to this oasis and joined a group of local unregenerates for the Spring Ceremonial.

MELHA, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Melha held its 1928 Western Massachusetts Ceremonial in Pittsfield, entertaining as well delegations from Oriental of Troy, N. Y., and Cyprus of Albany. The attendance was more than 3000. All arrangements were in the capable hands of Pittsfield Shriners, led by Chairman Mylee Illingworth, Mayor Jay P. Barnes, former Mayor H. S. Sisson and Irving Barnfather.

MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS

Noble N. C. Hall of Mahi Temple alleges that Moolah has received the most unusual honor in the history of the Shrine, in that, to-wit, as its convention train approached Key West, on the Florida East Coast Railway's Havana Special, a large delegation of Florida's contented and cerebrally inclined cows formed a parade to the tracks, lined up in military formation, or at any rate at "parade rest," and thereupon and thereat in concert emitted a loud "moo" that ended in a sort of grunt, which was the best even such educated cows could do toward saying "Moolah."

The regular monthly meeting was held on May 16th. After the necessary solemnities there was an entertainment and dinner.

Potentate George H. Fox had the great pleasure of dispensing oriental wisdom at the first Summer Ceremonial, held on June 2nd in the temple.

MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Apparently few Shriners who went to Miami passed up Jacksonville, for they were in the city by the thousands day after day. All were heartily welcomed.

In addition to everything official and private that could be thought of at least one delegation enjoyed an unusual osculatory greeting, when titian-haired Eunice English kissed 165 Moslems from Detroit. It all started when a Noble who said he was Potentate of Moslem asked for a kiss. No sooner was he rewarded with a sound smack than 164 other Nobles rushed up, each claiming to be either a past potentate or a prospective potentate.

MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Potentate R. A. Stuart and his Divan were elated over the success of the Spring Ceremonial. New stunts and staging featured the opening of the Second Section. Recorder Clyde A. Penry noted that 40 of the Novices came direct from the Scottish Rite class which closed the night before in Dallas.

On the social side there was an entertainment entitled "Allah's Holiday" for members, while an informal dance was held elsewhere in the Mosque.

MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.

Nobles William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee, the globe flyers, took a Moslem group to Miami in their famous plane "Pride of Detroit," which they had flown across this country, through Europe and in Asia as far as Japan. Moslem also sent 457 Nobles in two special trains. Having in Judge Webster a candidate for Imperial Outer Guard, Moslem went with the will to win, and her uniformed bodies performed with unusual skill, and all this with the help of friends from far and near concluded the good natured election contest in Moslem's favor. For all of which Moslem's thanks are as countless as the sands of the desert.

MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Murat's Band, Patrol, Gun Squad, Drum and Bugle Corps, Chanters and plenty of the rank and file filled ten huge sightseeing busses at Miami and paid a surprise visit to



Noble Edgar M. Shoemaker, who has resigned his Recordership of Algeria, after fifteen years of service. Business takes him from Helena, Mont.

Carl G. Fisher, famous realty developer and ex-Hoosier.

The visit was planned in Indianapolis by Potentate William H. Bockstahler. Carl was completely surprised, but opened his palatial home to all comers, and in return the visitors put a giant fez on Carl's elephant Rosie, with the title "the first girl to be made a Shriner."

Another surprise visit was paid to James A. Allison, a Moslem member. The ex-Hoosier Shriners in Hollywood gave a reception for the Muraters. In the big Miami parade the Murat Band had as one instrument the largest playable tuba in the world, tooted by Doc Hurst. It is entirely gold plated, beautifully carved, and is valued at \$8,500.

OMAR, CHARLESTON, S. C.

This Temple's participants in the Miami festivities were so pepped up when they got back that even the round of a week's festivities had not tired them, and so they organized a street parade, with all uniformed bodies, immediately upon returning to Charleston. More than 150 Nobles of Almas, Washington, D. C., got off the train also and joined in the march.

PALESTINE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Palestine's annual circus for the benefit of the crippled children who are sent from this area to Springfield, Mass., was held from May 14th to 19th inclusive at Rhodes-on-the-Pawtuxet. Thousands of tickets were sold to the Nobility. Prizes worth \$7000 were distributed throughout the week.

Earl C. Whelden was chairman of the 1928 circus committee, and he pointed out that the affair has become an outstanding event in Rhode Island.

RAJAH, READING, PA.

About 200 Rajahites went with Potentate Eisenbrow to Schuylkill Haven to cooperate with the Scottish Rite Consistory of Reading in an area reunion, preparatory to the June Rajah Ceremonial.

SALADIN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

More than 25,000 candy kisses in individual bags labeled "a kiss from Grand Rapids, the Furniture Capital of America," were distributed by Saladin's delegation to the Miami convention. They also handed out copies of the song "Dear Old Michigan," music by Walter Miles of Grand Rapids.

SESOSTRIS, LINCOLN, NEB.

At the Spring Ceremonial 34 Novitiates were taken into the fold, 21 of whom live in Lincoln. The others came from Wahoo, David City, Seward, Hyannis, Tecumseh, Auburn, Merriman, Morse Bluff and Crete. There were 1200 at the dinner.

SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.

"Come on Fez" is but a memory in New Bern, but Mahi's glad hand will be long remembered.

A record crowd left here June 7th for [Shrine News Continued on page 49]

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]

the Ceremonial in Raleigh, where the Raleigh Shrine Club covered itself with glory.

SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

This Temple broke the record when it jammed the tents of the Sells Floto circus on May 7th and 8th with hundreds of orphans as guests. Syria hung up a new mark for the eastern states by buying out all the tickets for the morning performances. Sergeant E. F. Thompson of the Patrol and other members of that body and the Legion of Honor were a human flying wedge in escorting the very little ones, many of whom they carried in.

TADMOR, AKRON, OHIO

Not only did Tadmor send 300 members to Miami on an especially chartered steamship, taking Nobles from several other temples as well, but once in the convention city they organized what they call "The Loyal Order of Camel Herders." They invaded a warehouse near their anchorage and conducted weird initiations. They kept open house on the S. S. Iroquois.

WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

There was a Ceremonial on May 24th, with the skids well greased for a large class of Novices.

Several Shriners participated prominently in the reunion on May 8-9-10 in Jackson of the Scottish Rite.

Noble Fred W. Dornhauer of this Temple, a Representative to the Imperial Council, is the first president of the newly organized Coast Shrine Club in Gulfport.

WA-WA, REGINA, SASK.

The Patrol went to Winnipeg for Khar-tum's Ceremonial on April 9th. They report a wonderful reception.

Here is an idea—a "cold sands Ceremonial." It will be held this Summer, on a date not yet chosen, for the benefit of Novices whose age or physical ailments will not permit them to be the main attractions at a typical hot sands affair.

The annual ball of the Saskatoon Shrine Club was a great success, as usual, with a large group present from Regina, for whom several private dinner parties were held on the side. Sterling silver candlesticks were presented to Potentate R. J. Brandon, and sheaves of beautiful roses to Mrs. Brandon. Mrs. H. A. Rutherford and Mrs. Fred W. Logan. The presentations were made by Noble J. M. Stevenson, president of the Saskatoon Shrine Club. Not to be outdone, the Shrine ladies of Moose Jaw and Woodrow put through very fine social programs in their cities.

ZA-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES, IA.

The annual gala day for this Temple's children was May 10th this year, and 1500 of them were entertained at the mosque. Mrs. Ray Newton, wife of the Potentate, was chairman of the general committee, which provided a motion picture and four vaudeville numbers.

ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.

There was a Ceremonial in the Chestnut Street Auditorium on June 1st, with a program which lasted from 10:00 A. M. to late at night. The Zembo Luncheon Club did its part at the noon hour and at evening there was a big dinner. The general public was treated to a street parade and a Patrol drill in Market Square. Nobles in Lancaster gave a ladies' night on May 14th, which took the place of the regular Shrine Club's May meeting.

[Shrine News Continued on page 52]

The MAXPAR is made by DUNLOP

need more be said?

SOME of the characteristics of the Maxpar have already produced a demand that is in excess of present manufacturing capacity.



Get Two Salary Checks Instead of One!

THIS EASY WAY

THE HERTEL PLAN offers the most profitable, fascinating way of making big money with **Personal Christmas Cards**. We pay you WEEKLY and give extra MONTHLY BONUS checks. A stenographer made \$1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, \$800 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., \$61.75 in 2 hours.

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New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

At last! An automatic, simple little opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special, introductory advertising offer.

AGENTS

Men and Women make \$6 to \$12 an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send **OUTFIT** and **FREE TEST** Offers.

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Hard to deal with, these cry babies of business. Self-pity, bad-temper, and never quite enough drive to put things through. The boss often wonders if work wouldn't go better without them.

Most of them probably realize they're in bad shape physically. But they don't realize the way out . . .

FEEN-A-MINT is different! It's just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it—you chew it!

Its magic laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes part of the digestive fluids—does not disturb digestion. It works *with* the body—not against it!

It won't torture you with griping pains. It won't poison or weaken the system. It won't enslave you to laxative pills. Get Feen-a-mint at your druggist's. Correct constipation—now!

FREE: Mail the coupon for samples and booklets.



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Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint—also a free copy of "The Mystery of 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

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SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



The Combination Crib-pen on wheels moves wherever coolness and shade are most abundant

Making Baby's Care Easier In Summer



The folding rub of rubber sheeting is especially useful when vacationing.

BABY is King of the home, and when he's crowing and well he distributes dividends of 100% pure joy. Both his disposition and his health depend on regular right feeding and on sanitary, safe comfort in the accessories used in his daily hygiene. Summer, with its heated spells, and wind, its insects and temperamental thunders which make the milk go sour, is his most trying season. Not alone Baby's comfort, but that of Mother, depend on conveniences which lessen fatigue and attention needed in his daily care.

The combination crib-pen on wheels solves the chief problem of a sleeping crib which can be moved wherever coolness and shade are most abundant. On the other hand, health means taking utmost advantage of the sun's violet rays; a portable pen off the ground gives every chance for His Highness to play outdoors in sunshine without the dangers of crawling on the damp ground. While the baby should at all times be protected from flies which like to tickle nose and toes, the use of textile netting may be superseded by a more durable and easily handled crib top of framed wire netting.

Baby's bath is the most important and jolly hour of his carefully scheduled day. The folding tub of rubber sheeting is especially useful in hot weather or when vacationing since it can be set up on any porch, in a tent, etc. It is at just the right height for arm's reach bathing and dressing, with many pockets for powder, pins and all the needfuls, and can be collapsed into walking stick space when not wanted. Folding too are some of the nursery seats which can be slipped into mother's suitcase for convenience while traveling. Both socks and shirts keep shape longer when stretched on light wire frames; while the home nursery is made complete by a portable rack with umbrella arms on which tiny garments may be aired or dried.

How to handle the milk supply for baby or child is another vacation problem. There are several compact portable sterilizers, complete with full outfits of bottles, which can be depended on to keep their contents cool and safe from spilling. When on an outing or for the summer cottage, one may rely on a special nursery refrigerator having an ice capacity of 10 lbs. and fitted with handles which permit of its easy lifting to boat or auto. The electric bottle warmer comes decorated with nursery figures and will bring

milk to the necessary temperature with a few moments' current. The double deep round plate, with hot water space between, keeps dinner warm for the other child.

For the toddler who cannot be trusted out of sight for a moment, there are several safety gates which will make a play pen of the porch or piazza. This outdoor nursery which happily may be always under mother's watchful eye, may be fitted with a swing or swing-seat adapted to the child's age. Those which have a canvas seat make a soft and comfortable rock-a-bye which will keep a small child happy and safe without attention. When he gets into the real junior class, there is an unusual outdoor gym which combines all the features of a merry-go-round, a slide and a teeter. Such a practical backyard play outfit healthfully occupies children during the difficult vacation days when it is sometimes hard to keep them employed and out of mischief.

Taking the baby along for a spin in the evening cool air is not difficult if the car is equipped with one of the many makes of motor crib or auto bassinet. These specially designed cribs are made on a light frame covered with black leatherette and fold out of the way when not in use. They do not obstruct space in the car, yet when extended, provide a safe bed whose springs prevent the child from feeling any shock or jar. An easily turned hood gives additional protection from both wind and sun.

Much of the grown up's happiness and comfort consist in the fact that the furniture and equipment he uses are designed to satisfy his particular needs. It is equally true that baby will pass a happier and less vexatious summer season if his requirements are studied

and anticipated. Comfort, coolness, safety are all he asks at mother's hands, and if she supplies them, she herself will also benefit by being less tied down, nervous, and fatigued, and enjoy the reflected health and happiness of her child.

With this issue of the magazine, Shrine Service departments must be discontinued. The action is taken regretfully, for the departments have had a career of proved usefulness and of warranted popularity; but THE SHRINE MAGAZINE itself, by the order of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine, is to be discontinued at the end of the current year. Hence no further development of the Service departments is possible. Readers are asked, therefore, not to send the letters of inquiry and the requests for aid and advice which these departments have invoked in such quantity each month, since with the discontinuance of the departments it will be impossible to answer the communications.

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL AND JOE HATCH

[Continued from page 47]

The Sergeant banged his fist on the bar and demanded to know why he had not been told of this. "If Benson let her go on the stage I'll wring his neck!"

Dad Andrews thought it likely the young feller would be found mixed up in it somehow. He and the girl had talked together after that time the Sergeant got almost shot. "Maybe he eloped her off some place! You could pinch him for that I guess."

"I'll 'lope him," the Sergeant shouted. "Won't be nothing legal I'll do when I get my hands on him. Give us my change and let me get going. I'll eat off his ears and spit 'em in his face I will!"

"Change is all upstairs," Dad explained. "The old woman'll be down with it in a minute."

Joe turned for a swift glance at the stairway ending just behind him and was enabled to benefit greatly by what he saw there. He jumped sideways without even troubling to gather himself in preparation. And such excellent motor coordination was a distinct advantage at the moment. A double barreled shotgun, specifically—came pitching downward from the stair and above it floated a quantity of bright green rectangles of paper money.

The shotgun struck the floor just beyond where Joe Hatch had stood and immediately opposite the open door of the barroom. So that when the left barrel discharged itself, which it promptly did, the charge registered a large jagged bulls-eye in a metal cuspidor that squatted in front of the bar. The stout middle-aged woman who had flung the weapon and the handful of currency, stood on the stair landing and screamed.

While the diningroom and bar still echoed the blast and the scream, Dad Andrews had cried out to the Sergeant, "There he is! Murderin' the old woman! Now'll you believe me?" As Joe Hatch, who had stood not at all upon the order of his going, flashed past the doorway again, the Sergeant shouted, "Hurrp!" and leaped in pursuit of him. But he failed to observe the valise which Joe Hatch had cast off in his flight, with the result that his stride broke abruptly as he rounded the turn. At the very moment he had been on the point of uttering a peremptory command to halt after Joe Hatch. But falling as he did, largely on his stomach and respiratory organs, the vocal proceeds of his effort consisted of an unintelligible, "Haw!"

The affair was ended by the causes that began it. If Dad [Continued on page 61]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you show up for
Wednesday's party on Friday night . . . be
nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.



Learn ELECTRICITY
New Quick Way to Big Pay
Many Earn \$60 to \$200 a Week
You can do the same. Previous experience or education not necessary. Learn on actual Electrical Machinery in new \$2,000,000 school. Earn while you learn. Free Employment Service. Come back on for life. R. R. Fare to Chicago allowed. Automotive and Radio courses included without extra charge. Send for Book of Big Pay Facts—absolutely FREE. Tells whole story.
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STOP FOOT TROUBLE
If you have sore, tired or perspiring and bad odors of the feet, send 50c by money order and receive a box of Witz Foot Powder.
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The pedodyne solvent treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. J525, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago
Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

Name.....
Address.....
This is not an order, ship nothing C. O. D.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 49])

(ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.)

More than 500 Shriners in uniform, with two bands and two drum corps, fittingly represented this Temple in the public parade which preceded the Ceremonial of May 26th. Potentate W. E. Winslow and Past Imperial Potentate C. E. Ovenshire led the Temple's delegation to the sessions of the Imperial Council in Miami.

Noble James T. Clyde, of Mecca, is managing director of New York City's newest large hostelry—The Lincoln—a mammoth hotel of 1,400 rooms and 1,400 baths almost in the very center of the theatrical district, at Eighth avenue and 44th street. Nobles from far and near will always find a warm welcome there.

Noble Edwin Mordant, the well-known actor, has joined The Lincoln's managerial staff as manager of the promotion department. Noble Clyde reports that he is "getting away with it big" in his new work. Noble Mordant is also a member of Mecca. (Photographs on page 44.)

Lieutenant Earl Halstead of the Indianapolis police force recently did aerial stunts over the business section of Indianapolis in order to stimulate business at the local Keith's Theater, of which a share of the proceeds went to his Shrine Temple—Murat. Risking one's neck for the good cause of Shrinedom is about all any Order can ask of a member, but the Lieutenant said nonchalantly that it was no more thrilling than crossing the hot sands.

Noble Edgar M. Shoemaker has resigned after 15 years as Recorder of Algeria Temple, Helena, Mont. His resignation as Recorder was accepted with regret, but was made necessary by his promotion to the position of supervisor of locomotive engineers on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The new duties will keep him away from Helena so much of the time that he decided to turn Algeria's books over to another.

Noble R. J. Lemert is the new Recorder of Algeria. Noble Lemert is a 33° Mason. He is Grand Historian of the Grand Lodge of Montana, and editor of The Montana Mason, published in Great Falls.

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

India Temple, Oklahoma City, Okla., is mourning the death of Dr. Henry Tompkins Smith, its first Potentate. His name was first on the charter, issued on May 3rd, 1893, and he was the unanimous choice of all the other charter members. His administration started India on its way to prosperity and influence.

Noble Smith was born in Baton Rouge, La. on December 6, 1846, and thus was in his 82nd year when the Black Camel stopped in front of his tent in El Reno, Okla. In 1921 India Temple had a pilgrimage Ceremonial in El Reno especially to honor its first potentate.

Noble Alexander G. Cochran, head of the Order of DeMolay, whose death on May 1st was mentioned in the June issue, was 81 years old. He was born in Alleghany City, Penna., attended Phillips Academy, Andover, and the law school of Columbia University. In 1874 he was elected to Congress and later served on one of the Hayes-Tilden committees.

Later he moved to St. Louis, becoming counsel for James B. Eads, the famous bridge builder, general counsel of the Mis-

souri Pacific Railway, vice-president of the Iron Mountain line, general solicitor for the Cotton Belt and the International and Great Northern lines.

As a 33° Mason he was an active member of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction, Scottish Rite. He was a member of Tuscan Lodge No. 360, the York Rite bodies, and Moolah Temple. Mrs. Cochran and a daughter survive.

Prominent Shriners from several temples participated in the sea burial services over Noble John Neptune Staples, master of the S. S. Iroquois of the Clyde Line, who was born, lived and died at sea. The services were held on that vessel, which the Captain had commanded from the day it was launched, as she was steaming down the Atlantic Coast from New York to Miami with Shriners en route to the sessions of the Imperial Council, most of them belonging to Tadmor Temple of Akron, Ohio.

Noble Reily C. Adams, of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, died on April 18th, of pneumonia, at the age of 51. Noble Adams became a bank president at the age of 39, and was at the head of the Security Trust Company at the time of his death.

Noble Joseph M. Allen, Sr., of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, died there on April 18th, at the age of 64. Noble Allen was born in Lebanon, Tenn., and moved to Cincinnati at the age of 22. He became a traveling salesman for a rug firm, eventually going into the wholesale end for himself and founding his own firm.

In Masonry he was Past Master of Cincinnati Lodge No. 3 and Past Eminent Commander of Hanselmann Commandery. The funeral services were conducted by brethren of the Craft and the body lay in state in the new Masonic Temple.

Noble Albert T. Thompson, of Damascus Temple, Rochester, N. Y., died on April 13th. Noble Thompson had been manager of the United Life Insurance Company. He was Past President of the Rochester Masonic Club.

Noble Thomas J. Carling, of Al Sihah Temple, Macon, Ga., died recently in Macon. He was a Mason for 45 years.

In 1916 Noble Carling served as Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., and Grand Recorder of the Grand Council, R. & S. M. He was on the Board of Trustees of the Masonic Home of Georgia for 23 years, serving the last six as chairman. At the funeral, conducted by Past Grand Master Charles L. Bass, were 212 children from the Home who had come to pay a last tribute to their old friend and benefactor.

Former Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew, who died on April 4th, within a few days of his 94th birthday, was Mecca Temple's most distinguished member. Although he belonged to a great many organizations of all sorts, and the demand on his time and attention was heavy, he was active as a Mason for half a century, and was a 33°. His initiation by Mecca was made a great occasion.

As chairman of the board of the New York Central Railroad Noble Depew was at his desk every working day up to a week before his death, due to a heavy cold contracted on the way back to New York from Florida.

[Shrine News Continued on page 55]

Full Protection at Rates proportionate to Your Income

THE time your wife and children need fullest protection is while those children are small—unable to support themselves should you be taken. Don't wait until you are older and better established.

Buy a Buffalo Life Policy that would really provide for those loved ones if the unexpected happened to you now.

You can afford it by our plan. Pay according to your current earning power. Low rates while your income is small, yet the same ample protection as when you are older and able to pay more.

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Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.

The amazing story of INFRA-RED RAYS

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff, stop falling hair and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

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All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues and so RESTORE HAIR in all

but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair, when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

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In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

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216 North Wabash Ave., Dept. 294
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**SHRINE
SERVICE**



Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Pack Up the Pantry in the Old Auto Kit



IF THERE were only one reason for believing that we are living in "the good new days," it would be the acceptance of women to share in the sports and recreations of outdoor life. How indubitably "dead" is the old-fashioned dogma that no "lady" would bait her own hook, sleep on balsam boughs, or shake a skillet of scrambled-and over a bed of woods coals! And as for indelicate swimming, unrefined hiking, or the undignified labors attendant on camping—why, the "Amelias" of the good old days would have fainted—and did—at the very thought of such unbecoming behavior!

But today the woman, the homemaker, packs up her pantry in the old auto kit and goes forth to accompany the man on outing bent. Why should the mere male have an exclusive option on outdoors? Sunshine and scenic beauty are inalienable rights of every human being without regard to sex or servitude. Wise indeed is that woman who gets out into the open as much as possible; and who makes occasions for taking the family along to eat some meals in the pleasant cool of park or picnic ground or roadside.

The "al fresco meal" has been long enjoyed by our English and other foreign cousins who delight in tea on the lawn; and who are refreshed for the next day's sultry routine by a meal enjoyed on the piazza or under an embowered loggia. Even the simplest menu is enhanced when partaken alongside the backdrop of a roseate sunset and overhanging trees. As for outdoor cookery, while man may still retain his pre-eminence in the rôle of camp chef, woman has proved herself an able camp kitchen assistant. Hundreds each summer vacation carry their pantry to camp, and pridefully set up food staples in rows of bright tin cans (remember to keep the matches dry) and as deftly sling a batch of biscuits over a windbreak kit as ever they do in the enameled oven at home. Summer housekeeping, in short weekend shifts, or in more extended tours, means health and real recreation for Mother, even if the pantry is "fifty miles from a lemon".

I think right here I will tell you of a "kink" of my own many years ago when I went camping in the Adirondacks on my honeymoon. Perhaps it was the first efficiency labor-saving idea that came in my experience! We were tenting with a canoe on a picturesque island, cooking all our meals on a fireplace of a dozen large stones on the shore edge. When breakfast was done, and we were ready to go exploring for the day, we did not waste time washing dishes, ah no! We took all those bacon-y plates and fish-y skillets and tenderly laid them in the sand at the edge of our island. And when we came back at evening many hours later, we reclaimed the entire cooking and eating outfit clean—shining—washed and scoured by sand and waves—unbeatable dishwashing twins!

I could almost say that the fish recipes swam into my mailbag, there were so many of them, from Maine to California. Judging from its popularity, a "salmon loaf" is our national dish, and recipes with creamed tuna were not far behind. After weeding out the duplicates, of which there were many, here are the winners in the Fish Recipe Contest:

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. DOUGLAS HAWLEY,
3628 Dickason avenue,
Dallas, Texas

Baked Fish with Shrimp Dressing

Boil 1 pound shrimp 20 minutes and clean. Prepare following sauce: 1 small can tomatoes, 1 button garlic, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour (butter and flour to be creamed) cut up 1 green pepper, parsley, 3 cloves, 1 small slice lemon, salt and pepper; allow to simmer in skillet 15 to 20 minutes. Wash, salt and pepper 2 pound snapper or other suitable baking fish, stuff with the shrimp which has been mixed with cracker crumbs and softened with the sauce; strip with 2 slices breakfast bacon, pouring sauce over fish, and add 1 cup cold water; bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

LUCY SPARKS,
Norwich, Conn.

Hotchpotch Chowder

2 quarts strained fish stock, 2 cups picked flaked fish, 1 large carrot sliced, 1 small turnip diced, 2 large onions sliced, ½ cup minced celery, ½ cup butter and cooking oil mixed, 1 cup canned tomato soup, 3 large potatoes pared and sliced, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Place all vegetables in greased baking dish, season, add tomato puree and butter and cook in oven, covered, for 30 minutes. Heat stock, blend flour and curry powder and thicken stock; add all vegetables, and last, the flakes. Serve with toasted pilot or hard crackers. Serves 6. Use any white-meat fish.

[Continued on page 55]

SHRINE SERVICE LEAFLETS

These leaflets, prepared by Mrs. Frederick, still are available in limited quantity, and while they last will be mailed on receipt of a self-addressed envelope with postage added according to leaflets selected.

1. Out of the Harvest Preserve Basket—2c
2. Helpful Housecleaning Hints—2c
3. Equipping the Kitchen Built for Two—2c
4. What to Serve with Salads—2c
5. Frosty Drinks—2c
6. Cool, Easy Meals for Hot Days—2c
7. Quick Breads—2c
8. Feeding Through Babyhood—2c
9. Bridge Party Menus—6c
10. Canned Milk in Cooking—2c
11. Canning Charts—15c (Stamps for this should be enclosed, not affixed to envelope.)
12. A Dozen Good Stuffings—2c
13. Puddings and Sauces—2c
14. Every Kind of Party Menu—2c

PACK UP THE PANTRY IN THE OLD AUTO KIT [Continued from page 54]

\$2 WINNER

MRS. F. L. CARPENTER,
98 McKinley avenue,
Kenmore, New York

Fish Rarebit

2-4 lbs. any filleted white fish, scrod, flounder, etc., 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, 1 cup milk, ½ lb. sharp American cheese.

Arrange fish fillets on well oiled shallow baking pan or in glass casserole. Make sauce in double boiler, combining in order of ingredients. Pour sauce over fish and bake moderate oven, 45 minutes.

\$2 WINNER

MISS RACHEL L. THOMPSON,
181 East 12th street,
Portland, Oregon

Soused Salmon

3 1-inch thick slices of salmon, 6 eggs, 6 lemons, 1 medium sized onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Lay salmon slices in a skillet, sprinkle with salt, pepper and ginger, add onion thinly sliced, add enough cold water to cover. Simmer gently until done. Beat eggs very light, add lemon juice and parsley. Remove fish to platter. Pour lemon and egg mixture into water in which fish was cooked, stirring sauce constantly until it thickens, being careful not to overcook for fear of curdling. Pour over fish. Serve very cold.

\$2 WINNER

MAE MCKIE,
3268 Third street,
San Diego, California

Fish Sea Shells

For filling use 2 cups cooked fish, ½ cup canned tomato, ¼ lb. American cheese, 5 small crackers. Bone fish, crum crackers and mix with cheese and tomato, forming into rolls size of thumb. For shells use 3 cups rice flour, 5 eggs, 3 tbs. butter, 3 tbs. sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt. Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder into bowl, cut in

butter, add eggs beaten separately. Will form tender dough. Roll out ¼ inch thick, cut with large size cookie cutter. Wrap each fish roll in cookie, pinch together edges in shape of conch shell, bake 20 minutes at 425° F. Add few dashes paprika.

For sauce use 1 pt. can mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt. Simmer mushrooms in own juice for 5 minutes; melt butter, blend with flour and salt, slowly add milk mixed with ¾ cup mushroom liquor, cook until smooth. Pour sauce in platter, add shells, garnish with mushrooms.

\$1 WINNER

MRS. M. S. MCGAFFEY,
6044 Dorchester avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Baked Fish with Stuffed Tomatoes

3 lbs. fresh haddock or other white-meat fish, 6 thin slices bacon, 6 small potatoes diced small, 6 ripe tomatoes, small, 1 onion, minced, salt, pepper, butter, crumbs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk. Arrange fish in shallow wide baking dish, laying over bacon strips, and seasoning fish. Scoop out tomatoes, stuff with diced potatoes, and season. Stand around fish, cover with butter and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake with fish for 45 minutes. Scald milk, thicken with flour, pour in leftover tomato juice from baking pan, and serve in separate bowl.

With this issue of the magazine, Shrine Service departments must be discontinued. The action is taken regretfully, for the departments have had a career of proved usefulness and of warranted popularity; but THE SHRINE MAGAZINE itself, by the order of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine, is to be discontinued at the end of the current year. Hence no further development of the Service departments is possible. Readers are asked, therefore, not to send the letters of inquiry and the requests for aid and advice which these departments have invoked in such quantity each month, since with the discontinuance of the departments it will be impossible to answer the communications.

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52]

The Shrine Club of Paducah, Kentucky, has been entertaining wandering delegations from Cairo, Metropolis, East St. Louis and other places in southern Illinois.

Recently the Alhambra (California) Shrine Club, made up of Shriners of Alhambra and adjacent territory, elected Dr. A. J. Quesnell president for the coming year. The election and installation were held at a dinner at the Alhambra Athletic Club. L. L. Test of Pasadena, for eighteen years the Masonic inspector of the eighty-eighth district, gave an address on Masonic topics.

Hillah Temple, of Ashland, Oregon, maintains Shrine Clubs in Medford, Grant's Pass, Roseburg, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Marshfield, Klamath Falls, and others soon will be instituted in nearby localities. The major one is at Medford, with a membership approximating 50. This club holds fortnightly luncheon gatherings.

M. J. Cotton of Melbourne, Washington, is the 1928 president of the Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, with George Sanford of Aberdeen succeeding him as vice-president. E. R. Prazak of Aberdeen was reelected secretary-treasurer. This club is auxiliary to Afifi Temple, Tacoma.

One of the potent factors in bringing Shriners together in Seattle, and developing a spirit of fraternity and added interest in the Shrine, is Nile Temple's Luncheon Club. It meets every Thursday in the Chamber of Commerce and under the able leadership of Noble A. R. Currie, President, and Charles O. Dignan, chairman of the enter-

tainment committee, it has grown in popularity constantly since its inception less than two years ago. Several ladies' days during the year are special features.

The Little Rock Shrine Club now has upon a wall in the main hall of its Country Club the head of a large moose, the gift of Aaron Ward, baseball player and a member of Al Amin Temple.

Officers of the Shrine Club of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, for 1928, are Guy R. Smeltz, president; John A. Nightengale, first vice-president; John C. Brown, second vice-president; Paxton W. Wolfe, secretary-treasurer. The Club is now located at 39 North Duke street, Lancaster.

The Albany District Shrine Club, in Georgia, now has 100 members from ten Shrine Temples. Having been very active last year, the members are planning a club house on a tract of land near Albany. H. G. Cooksey is secretary treasurer.

Moslah Temple's Shrine Luncheon Club in Fort Worth, Texas, is developing in a satisfactory way. The organization committee are A. A. Diehl, chairman; Fred Strang, G. S. Anderson, F. Lee Wallace, W. B. Usrey and Roy Q. Carroll. The luncheon meetings are held in the Hotel Texas every Thursday.

The Shrine Club of Havana, Cuba, frequently has guests from all parts of North America and therefore its meetings have quite a cosmopolitan tinge. The president is F. S. Campbell and the secretary is H. F. Blancke.

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"How I Licked Wretched Old Age at 63"

"I Quit Getting up Nights—Banished Foot and Leg Pains . . . Got Rid of Rheumatic Pains and Constipation . . . Improved Embarrassing Health Faults . . . Found Renewed Vitality."

"At 61, I thought I was through. I blamed old age, but it never occurred to me to actually fight back. I was only half-living, getting up nights . . . embarrassed in my own home . . . constipated . . . constantly tormented by aches and pains. At 62 my condition became almost intolerable. I had about given up hope when a doctor recommended your treatment. Then at 63, it seemed that I shook off 20 years almost overnight."

Forty—The Danger Age

These are the facts, just as I learned them. In 65% of all men, the vital prostate gland slows up soon after 40. No pain is experienced, but as this distressing condition continues, sciatica, backache, severe bladder weakness, constipation, etc., often develop.

Prostate Trouble

These are frequently the signs of prostate trouble. Now thousands suffer these handicaps needlessly! For a prominent American Scientist after seven years of research, discovered a new, safe way to stimulate the prostate gland to normal health and activity in many cases. This new hygiene is worthy to be called a notable achievement of the age.

A National Institution for Men Past 40

Its success has been startling, its growth rapid. This new hygiene is rapidly gaining in national prominence. The institution in Steubenville has now reached large proportions. Scores and even hundreds of letters pour in every day, and in many cases reported results have been little short of amazing. In case after case, men have reported that they have felt ten years younger in six days. Now physicians in every part of the country are using and recommending this treatment.

Quick as is the response to this new hygiene, it is actually a pleasant, natural relaxation, involving no drugs, medicine, or electric rays whatever. The scientist explains this discovery and tells why many men are old at forty in a new book now sent free, in 24-page, illustrated form. Send for it. Every man past forty should know the true meaning of those frank facts. No cost or obligation is incurred. But act at once before this free edition is exhausted. Simply fill in your name below, tear off and mail.

The Electro Thermal Company
7307 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio
If you live West of the Rockies, mail your inquiry to
The Electro Thermal Co.
303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 73-G
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THE ELECTRO THERMAL CO.,
7307 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL AND JOE HATCH [Continued from page 51]

Andrews had permitted himself to be a victim of his own credulity and childish imagination, in believing Joe Hatch's story in the first place, his later conduct was even more irrational. As he scuttled round the end of his bar and followed the Sergeant, Dad displayed the good sense to pluck the shotgun from the floor as he passed. Consequently he held the thing in his hand as he emerged from the rear door and discovered Joe Hatch and the horse engaged in a bucking match not thirty yards away. But did he have the brains to contain himself till the brown one should complete his job of unhorsing Joe Hatch into the mud? Not Dad! He promptly blazed loose with the remaining barrel and thus saved Joe Hatch from the double ignominy of being thrown and captured.

A few high shots bit Joe in the back but the bulk of the charge went low and peppered the brown horse hotly in his rear section. Unnerved by the sudden pain, Brownie took prompt flight down the alley and on out of the town. Joe Hatch cashed in on the shift of fortune by laying to the brown one's rump with a ropes-end. They were well away!

Explanation and recrimination informed the scene that followed inside the Edson House. There were present, the old woman of Dad Andrews whose shrieking had been discontinued on request, the Sergeant of Mounted Police, now recovered from his prone position and at business of removing floor dust from the front of his tunic, Dad Andrews himself, and lastly, Tommy Benson who had heard the shrieks and gunfire from outside.

The old woman of Dad Andrews spoke: Hers was the story of a monstrous error; she had believed the old fool for once when he told her of the desperate criminality of Joe Hatch. It would never happen again. But worked up by it, as she explains, and coming down to the turn of the stairs with the shotgun and all that money in her hands, what else had she to do? There was the vilyun himself peering round the door at her husband and she had not the slightest doubt but he had returned suddenly to murder the family and make off with their cash resources. It had been only with the frantic hope of appeasing him that she surrendered the gun and the money.

Tommy Benson spoke: "Good thing I came in or you'd believe all this about the poor boy. As it is, you've drove off and discouraged one of the brightest minds that ever came this way. Anybody that gets me to lose a hundred dollars on a good live horse is bright enough. But that's how much public spirit you got; shootin' and yellin' at a man when he only stepped in to ask could he leave his satchel here."

In the afternoon of the seventh day following, Joe Hatch rode down from the last bench and crossed the narrow flat lands that bordered Big Smoky River. The trail wound along this flat toward a dense grove of spruce trees. And concealed in the trees, Joe knew, would be a stopping-house and perhaps a stage station. He turned his horse aside from the trail to avoid the trees and strike the river directly at the ferry crossing.

The preceding week had wrought startling changes in the bright young man; wisdom had been added to him. He knew at last, exactly what it meant to be an outcast hunted thing.

Something terrible had certainly happened on those stairs behind him; it sounded like

a woman being killed. And it had been too dark up there for him to see.

Gone now was the blessed privilege of saying to Dad Andrews, "Shucks!" as he had meant to do, and then lie himself out of the other lie he had told. With something quite fearful in the way of an oath, Joe took a pledge then and there, never again to bear false witness against himself. Nothing to be gained by such means was worth the having to follow a crazy jungle road for seven nights and sleep daytimes in the mud. With nothing to eat. Sleep! Eat! Not sleep with eight billion mosquitoes and black gnats and no-seums chewing on his face and neck. And eat! Joe had a sharp nausea at remembering his recent diet. A succession of snowshoe rabbits!

He rode on to the deck of the ferry and found it deserted as he had hoped. Luck, apparently, was going to stay with him; he had only to tie the tender's row-boat to a tree and push the ferry off as he had done on previous occasions. He had regretted the necessity each time but it was either that or being seen by the tender who could tell the Police of his passing. Anyway he'd left fifty cents on each ferry. He did not know that the ferries were free, operated by a beneficent government.

Before dismounting he turned for a precautionary glance behind and realized at once that something must be wrong. The red-haired girl was coming along the trail from the stoppinghouse when she should long since have been under the protection of her father's roof. Joe would have elected a more suitable place for this meeting. The slim spruceness of him had wilted and run. His pants were torn and mud-plastered. Such parts of his face as were not welled with mosquito bites gave forth a sparse foliage of itching black beard. The girl walked on to the ferry and stopped alongside to stare at him.

"Well, you got here!" she commented shortly. "It's about time too! Nice way you treat a girl after practically forcing her to hide in that bumpetty old wagon!" Joe stared back dumbly at this accusation. "Why what's the matter? You said you wanted to come!"

"Well, I didn't," she snapped. "At least not till after Ed said I couldn't. Anyway can't a girl and her brother have a little family fuss without some simp taking it on himself to start waving guns around and maybe get himself killed?"

Joe was frankly gaping at her now. "Is that guy your brother?"

"Certainly! And if he ever gets hold of you after I tell him the way that driver carried on when I had to crawl out of there or starve, you won't last a minute. Now the river's up so the ferry can't run! I suppose I'll have to stick here and listen to a lot more yarns about how brave a certain party is when I don't believe half of 'em and never did very much."

Joe turned away to gaze at the river again and this time he really saw it. There was no question about its being up; the aerial cable stretched between towers high on either shore, was barely clear of the water in midstream. And strewn across the whole moving mass of it, endless drift-wood, uprooted trees and brush, floated and milled and tumbled as they swept along. Fast ugly water it was, a good four hundred yards of it. Certainly it was up! And people would sit around and look wise till it ran down again. They had plenty of time, Joe reflected bitterly and he would be held here as good as a prisoner already, till the Police should find him.

And this girl, [Continued on page 59]

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 34]

thanks and appreciation. The Trustees say of the system generally:

"Too much credit cannot be awarded to the members of the local Board of Governors who have continued to give freely of their time and ability in directing and supervising the affairs of their respective hospitals; nor to the various ladies' organizations who have rendered valuable assistance in entertaining and instructing the children and furnishing many articles and gifts for them at the various units; nor to our Advisory Board of Orthopedic Surgeons who continue to give us their able and valuable counsel and co-operation. To all of these we extend our cordial and grateful appreciation, both as Trustees and as representatives of the Imperial Council and the beneficiaries of our institutions."

The services of Miss Florence J. Potts, Director of Nursing, and Miss Grace Bratton, the Assistant Director of Nursing, are commended as highly satisfactory.

Tornado insurance fully covered the \$40,000 damage done to the St. Louis hospital, and repairs were begun even before wagons with equipment could get through the streets choked with debris. From a fund of \$15,000 set aside by the St. Louis board, and the proceeds of the Colonel Sinclair estate, now being liquidated through the probate courts, a model nurses' home will soon be erected.

In addition to \$8,912,145 given by the Nobility in the form of annual assessments, there have been contributions and donations of \$214,640, and the interest account has yielded \$226,605.

The hospitals vary in physical value, plus cash on hand, from \$370,591 in Greenville, S. C. to \$825,208 in Philadelphia; the mobile units from \$13,681 in Honolulu to \$48,248 in Winnipeg.

The capacity of each hospital is 50 beds, except that in Philadelphia and St. Louis it is 100 each; of the mobile units, 20 beds each, except Honolulu, which is 30.

Locations are as follows, in the order of their founding:—Hospitals, Shreveport, La., September, 1922; Minneapolis-St. Paul, March, 1923; San Francisco, June, 1923; Portland, Ore., January, 1924; St. Louis, April, 1924; Montreal, February, 1925; Springfield, Mass., February, 1925; Chicago, March, 1926; Philadelphia, June, 1926; Greenville, S. C., September, 1927. Mobile Units: Honolulu, January, 1923; Spokane, Wash., November, 1924; Salt Lake City, Utah, January, 1925; Winnipeg, March, 1925; Lexington, Ky., November, 1926.

The report was presented by the following: Sam P. Cochran, chairman; W. Freeland Kendrick, vice-chairman; James R. Watt, secretary; Forrest Adair, Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum, John D. McGilvray, Arthur W. Chapman, Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate; Frank C. Jones, Imperial Deputy Potentate; Leo V. Youngworth, Imperial Chief Rabban, Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Assistant Rabban.

The Imperial Council in session in Miami reapportioned to the Board Nobles Kendrick and Lanstrum, whose terms had expired.

* * *

Little John Dunham has been returned to his home in Mount Carmel, Pa., after being successfully treated for three months in the Philadelphia hospital. Johnnie was a normal boy until the age of two. Then came infantile paralysis and for 18 months prior to entering the Shrine haven he could only crawl around on the floor.

There are hundreds of such cases, stretching from coast to coast, and to Honolulu in the mid-Pacific. Only a few typical cases are picked out each month for use in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE.

[Hospital News Continued on page 64]

New! The Halvorfold
EXTRA THIN MODEL
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Pass Case, Bill
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100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong
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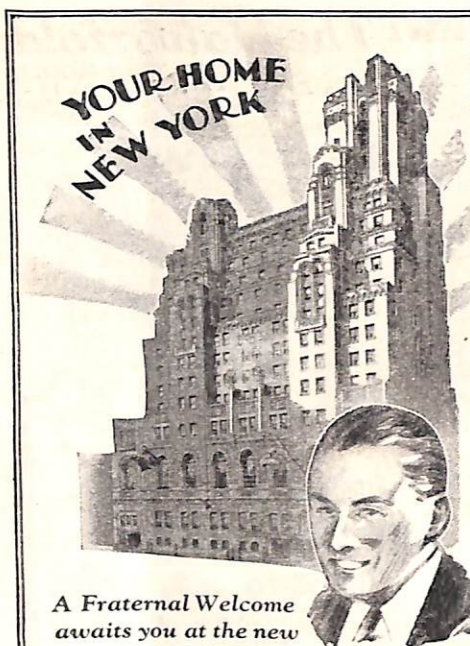
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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

JULY weather offers no protection against frozen assets and frozen assets are as dangerous to an investor as frozen feet to a traveler. Frozen assets are those which it takes a customer to untaw and sometimes it is desperately hard to find a customer. They may have value, actual or prospective, but at the moment nobody wants to buy them. The investor who has them temporarily has lost control and use of his capital. Consequently, he steps into danger whenever he puts his money into holdings of such a type.

There are many kinds of investment which may turn into frozen assets at almost a moment's notice. Scores of bond and stock issues come into such classification. These have value. The corporations which issue them may be making money. The security behind them and the equity they express in the property of the concerns, may be all that can be desired but, for the moment, no one may wish to purchase them. They may be out of style, for one thing, since there are insistent styles in stocks and bonds.

Again, they may be suitable only to certain types of investors. No one would say that a pair of crutches was valueless yet they are hard things to sell until someone else has a lame leg. It cannot be doubted that the farm lands of the middle west and the real estate of great cities represent about as sound values as it is possible to secure. Yet scores of banks in the middle west were forced to close their doors because they were loaded down with frozen assets in the form of mortgages on farms no one wanted to buy immediately. More than one great real estate mortgage firm has gone into receivers hands with equities of millions in city real estate for which no quick customer appeared.

The stock exchanges and other markets of the country perform a big service to investors in furnishing a definite proof of the liquidity of stock and bond investments. If a stock or bond has a broad, active market on a recognized exchange, it is reasonable for the investor to suppose he can turn it into cash at a moment's notice. If a stock or bond is not so listed, he must hunt for a customer.

It may well be said in connection with the above that many investors do not want to sell. They buy for permanent or long term investment, and actual and prospective value rather than temporary value is what they are seeking. Such investors may be immune to the dangers of frozen assets but, they are few in number. Even so, no one can tell when he may require actual cash. Ready cash is like a six shooter in the days when the West was wild and woolly. A man did not need a gun often but when he did, he needed it mightily badly.

Frequently it is not necessary to sell in order to secure ready cash. A man may borrow, but notice the different kind of reception you will get from your banker if you go in to him with a bundle of instantly market-

able stocks or bonds or if you offer him congealed assets without a ready market. The banker will loan a far higher percentage on collateral he himself can sell instantly.

Finally, unlisted stock and bonds give opportunity for the victimizing of investors by unscrupulous dealers. Many of these dealers will buy up a big block of stock or bonds in a corporation not actively traded in. The company itself may be a thoroughly legitimate one but since definite quotations are not available, the dealers offer and sell the stock in various parts of the country at a figure far higher than its actual value. When they dispose of their block, they let the investor who wants to sell hustle for a customer for himself. An inevitable loss results.

Some investors hang on to their frozen assets and their overpriced stocks desperately, seemingly determined to show how "game" they are. A prizefighter with a reputation once country-wide, tells an experience which shows the fallacy of that attitude.

Kid McManus (let us call him that, since he is in the movies now) was fighting the hard hitting Mexican lightweight Aurelio Herrera. In the first two rounds Kid McManus was knocked down four times.

"That baby could sock; and how!" said the Kid in telling the story.

"Every time he'd drop me, though, I'd say to myself; 'Kid, think of your poor old Irish father in Cleveland. If this Mex licks you, the old man will never smile again.' Then I'd get up and step into another right hook."

"Early in the third round, this Mex puts over the old 'one two', and the back of my head bruised me between the shoulders before I hit the canvas. 'Enough is enough,' I says to myself as I lays there. 'Kid, your poor old Irish father in Cleveland will have to suffer. If you get up again, this Mexican will kill you.'"

Then the Kid dozed peacefully while the referee counted ten.

His course may have been unethical from the point of view of the prize ring but many an investor could follow his reasoning with advantage and take a loss instead of a loss and a beating.

With this issue of the magazine, Shrine Service departments must be discontinued. The action is taken regretfully, for the departments have had a career of proved usefulness and of warranted popularity; but THE SHRINE MAGAZINE itself, by the order of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine, is to be discontinued at the end of the current year. Hence no further development of the Service departments is possible. Readers are asked, therefore, not to send the letters of inquiry and the requests for aid and advice which these departments have invoked in such quantity each month, since with the discontinuance of the departments it will be impossible to answer the communications.

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL AND JOE HATCH

[Continued from page 56]

to succor whom he had cast aside a fairly good reputation; had assumed guilt for a list of crimes ranging from manslaughter to disorderly conduct, with penalties corresponding, including the wrath of a Sergeant of Mounted Police; this girl had still her doubts of him.

"Oh, look!" the red-haired girl spoke up. "There's a policeman coming! I wonder who he's after?"

Joe's head twisted around in alarm; his Nemesis had overtaken him. There was an unmistakable scarlet tunic winding through the trees toward them, and again the panic of utter despair trailed its clammy fingers along Joe's spine. "You'd better get outa here," he told the girl, with the last of his oozing courage. He knew it was oozing; had oozed, in fact, and this warning was hollow bluff. There would be no danger. He would sit there in dumb agony till the officer should ride alongside and coolly bark out: "Fork over the gun!"

The girl's voice recalled his failing consciousness. "I'm not going," she announced.

She would stand by and gloat at his downfall! She had held him for a fraud and a liar all this time, now she would see it proved to him. Tears of mortification started in his eyes and he looked away from her, broken by the thought of his venture about to end at the very gates of freedom while yonder, on the farther shore were life, liberty and the pursuit of rectitude. Dying of shame, practically; for he could have borne it somehow had the girl not stood there waiting.

He turned toward her again and by some magic in her scornful stare, the bonds of terror were suddenly broken in Joe Hatch. In their stead a mighty gust of valor welled up and he told himself that she was worth it! Now let her watch and see was he a lying yeller hound or not! Why, he was a better man than he had ever claimed to be. His gun hand, trained by a thousand similar though imaginary encounters, jerked in the sudden gesture of drawing forth his weapon.

But Betsy, the incorruptible, was sheathed so deeply under the slack of his trouser's band that her hammer fouled. Joe heaved convulsively on her and in the action clapped his heels against his horse's belly. Brownie wrung his tail sharply clockwise and ran.

It was no part of his affair to inquire how come? The hectic week just past had taught him that when he felt Joe's heels, his cue was action front. On the fifth laboring stride, he topped the rope barrier at the end of the scow and disappeared into sixteen feet of muddy slime. They came up for air when some distance on the way and the brown horse let out a despairing groan and settled down to swimming.

Back on the deck of the scow, the red-haired girl gasped out: "Why, the darn big fool!" Thereafter she stood with the back of her fist pressed tightly against her mouth. The oncoming Mounted Policeman halted abruptly. He was merely Corporal Thomas from the Sturgeon Lake and his presence there was due to a romantic interest in the red-haired girl, rather than to any designs upon the liberty of Joe Hatch. "This," he told himself, "will be one of the finest drownings I ever witnessed."

But they reckoned without the brown horse. Now work this brown one would not, and such saddle duty as he had done was not a matter of pride with him. But by the holy poker he could swim! He settled well down into the water, so that only the bony triangle of his skull remained in sight, fixed his one good eye on some wild pea-vine that grew quivering above him on the opposite shore, and swam. They were swept downstream in a wide curve but he did not shift the gaze of his eye and he did not cease to swim.

Floating debris and wreckage? Ah, but there is a fate, you understand, whose job it is to guard all fools and all very gallant ones! And was not this good brown horse to be counted among the list of these?

Sodden, safe, they made the pea-vined shore.

THE EYES OF YOUTH

[Continued from page 23]

Crewe was waiting at the University Club when Alstine arrived. He greeted the lawyer with a curious smile.

"Good evening, Judge. I suppose you've made up your mind."

Alstine nodded soberly.

"Yes, I have. But if you don't mind we'll reserve the matter until after dinner."

Alstine glanced toward the door. "My son is coming now. He telephoned me today he would have to leave right after dinner for a conference with the chairman of the graduate rowing committee so we'll have plenty of time to talk. Just sit here a second, will you?" Alstine moved to meet his son, a handsome youth who towered half a head above his father.

"Hello, dad. Hope it didn't put you out any to stay in town."

"No." Alstine shook his head. "The only thing—" he glanced toward Crewe, explaining in a low voice that exigency had forced him to bring the capitalist to dinner, and that if the matter he had in mind was confidential, Crewe would no doubt be willing to wait while they discussed it.

"Why—" young Alstine hesitated. "Why, it is confidential, dad. But it's something I've already decided. I just want to talk

it out of my mind, that's all, and forget it. No, if Mr. Crewe is an important client, you might offend him, and I really don't mind his sitting in."

Alstine took his son's arm.

"I'm glad, Dick. He's a very big man in business and it might be good for you to know him."

Crewe rose as the two approached, speaking before Alstine could introduce his son.

"So this is your boy, eh! Alstine, you've done yourself proud." He gazed admiringly at the young scallawag. "If I had a son like that! Well, a man can't have everything, can he?"

There was a wholesomeness in Crewe's manner which eliminated any taint of patronage.

When coffee had been brought, and the two older men had selected cigars, Alstine pushed his chair back.

"Well, son, what's the matter?"

Young Alstine smiled ruefully.

"Dad, we're going to get licked in that crew race on Saturday."

"Oh." Alstine held a lighted match poised. "I gathered from your letters and from the papers that you had very excellent prospects."

"We had. You see, we're going to lose

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THE EYES OF YOUTH

[Continued from page 59]

Ransom, our stroke. He's the best oar that ever sat in a boat in my time."

"You mean Chuck Ransom, your roommate?" As his son nodded, Alstine made a little sound with his lips, a habit of his when he was moved. "Is he ill? Had he failed in his studies?"

"No, he's all right that way. Dad—" the collegian leaned forward—"I've just found out that Chuck, last year, rowed several races in a boat crew out west and got money each time for doing it. And he coached the crew as well, taking good money for that while posing as an amateur."

"What of that?" Crewe was regarding the boy with interest.

"Why that makes him a professional, sir. There is an intercollegiate rule that any athlete who has taken money is not eligible for college teams."

Alstine, who had been staring at the ceiling, blew a cloud of smoke upward.

"How did you come to hear about this, Dick?"

"I heard it from Ransom himself. His conscience got working on him and he confessed the whole thing to me."

Crewe gestured with his cigar.

"Does anyone know about it except you and, of course, Ransom?"

"No, sir. That is, no one except the captain of the boat club. Of course he wouldn't say anything." He snapped his fingers impatiently. "The worst of it is that Ransom ought not to have needed money. His father is head of a chain of factories in the west—rich."

"Then why did he do it?" asked Crewe, who seemed deeply interested.

After Dick Alstine explained that the oarsman had had a row with his father at the time and that his allowance had been stopped, Crewe grinned.

"Just plain deviltry, eh?"

"Yes, sir, about that. The worst of it is," Dick went on after a pause, "that Chuck's father had made me an offer to go into his New York office with the idea of having me run it after I'd learned the ropes. I hadn't said anything to you, dad, but it looked pretty good to me."

"Well, it would," Crewe glanced at the elder Alstine, smiling. "It works out this way in my mind; Ransom didn't row because he needed the money for a living, so he was not a professional as professionals are commonly regarded. Just took a flyer, say for cigarette money to show the old man he didn't have to depend on him. Like his spirit. Anyway he's not really a pro and there is your way out."

The younger man nodded.

"I thought of that. I've thought of everything. But you see the rule makes no exceptions." He grimaced. "It's a fine time to have this happen, isn't it, when we haven't won the big race in three years—and I captain of the crew."

"But," Crewe persisted, "no one knows about it except you and your friend—and the boat club captain, wasn't it? And he wouldn't give away on the young man."

"No, but the tough part of it is that I know about it."

Alstine, over whose face a flush had been slowly creeping, looked steadfastly at his son.

"You don't think that the point Mr. Crewe made holds, Dick?"

"You mean about his not really being a pro? No, it doesn't hold. Chuck took the money and you can't get around it. It isn't how or why he took it. You've got to face the issue squarely. The way I feel about it," he added, turning to Crewe, "is that the whole system of clean college sport

and true rivalry depends upon the way the colleges stand by this amateur rule. If it can be evaded or broken in one way or another, why then the whole system of college sport is bunk."

"It is evaded, though, isn't it Dick?" Alstine's voice had a queer sound.

"Yes, I suppose it is. But I can't evade it. If I did, everything I've got out of sport wouldn't amount to so much as a hill of beans." Dick paused. "And, dad," he went on in the hesitating voice of diffidence, "I don't believe I'd feel worthy of all you are and have been if I ducked the thing."

Alstine's lips moved. But no sound came. There was a pause. Crewe was studying the oarsman with the closest scrutiny.

"So you've made up your mind, young man?"

"Yes, sir; I've made an appointment tonight with Mr. Blossom, of the rowing committee, to tell him."

"So," said Crewe after silence, "you're going to lose your race and make a big man sore who was going to shove you up in the world after you leave college, just on a technical point of law."

Young Alstine rose.

"It's more than technical. I may be making myself out a prig. But I'm not. I can't quite explain it. You see," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "I haven't got much out of the old college. Guess I have wasted a lot of time and opportunity up there. But I have got one thing—play the game. Maybe that's the reason that one thing means so much to me. And so—" he walked over to his father, touching him upon the shoulder—"I just wanted to talk to you about it, dad, and get it off my chest and then not worry any more about it. I thought—I—I—Well, dad, I kind of hoped I'd get the old paternal pat on the back. I needed it. But you—" he stared down at his father, a haunted light in his eyes. "Don't you think I've done the only—"

Before the question was finished, Alstine was upon his feet, his hands gripped upon his son's shoulders.

"Good God, boy, of course you've done the only thing. I'm—I'm—prouder of you than you will ever know. I—" Alstine looked away, his lips tightly compressed. "You go ahead now and see your man."

He returned his gaze to the boy. "And God bless you, Dick."

For several minutes after Dick Alstine had gone, the two men sat smoking. At length Crewe reached into his pocket, drew forth a wallet from which he abstracted a check. Replacing the case, he held the check in his fingers, a little smile playing about his lips.

"Alstine, when you came in, I seemed to read that you had decided to accept this retainer."

A wintry smile crossed the lawyer's face. "Yes, I had decided to accept it."

"I thought so. And now—" Slowly he tore the check into bits. He glanced quizzically at Alstine. "That's right, isn't it?"

Alstine didn't answer immediately. Finally, laying aside his cigar, he leaned toward Crewe, his hands upon the table, clenched. "Crewe, by the time I got home last night, I had worked it out clearly in my mind that I should be justified in accepting a retainer to attack a weak point in constitutional law. I feel that way still."

"Oh," Crewe's eyes darted toward the little pile of torn paper at his elbow. "I thought maybe your boy's stand on the law had given you a jolt. Well, I can easily write another check."

"No," Alstine's head was slowly shaking. "No, I don't want you to do that." Suddenly he sat erect. "Listen, Crewe, you've been a—well, to speak frankly, a predatory character in business, you know."

"Eh?" Crewe's head jerked upward.

"Yesterday, when I mentioned the fact that some law-abiding corporations would be hurt if I took your case and won it, you said that was their lookout."

"Sure. That's just what I said."

"In other words, it's your own interests that count, suffer who may."

"Isn't that so with any business man? Yes, I look out for my own interests, you can bet. But why this cross-examination?"

"When we spoke about that case yesterday, I told you there was a Federal point that might successfully be raised. I said 'might,' you recall."

"That was all I wanted. I told you I was willing to gamble and that—"

Alstine interrupted by a motion of his hand.

"What I didn't tell you was that the chance of success was not one in a thousand. And I came here tonight with no intention of telling you. I knew I could raise a lot of legal fog on that particular point, make enough of a case to give you a run for your money—or at least make you think you were getting a run."

"Yes," Crewe's voice was dry. "I understand fully what you mean."

"Perhaps then, you'll suffer a little more frankly. I reasoned that there was no need of moral scruples with you, that two could play the sort of game you play, and that if you gave me a practically hopeless case, that was your lookout."

"I see," Crewe's face contained no expression that would betray his mood.

"Then—" Alstine raised his hands, letting them fall heavily—"tonight I sat looking at that clean, idealistic boy of mine, saw him throwing over a chance of a good start in life just—yes, just because he was my son. And—and—you know—I—I—"

His voice quivered and then broke. After a pause he looked up smiling. "Crewe, I got a good look at myself. I saw something I shall never see again. So now, my advice is, drop that case of yours and save your money."

For a long time the two men sat looking at each other, puffing slowly upon their cigars. Alstine's face was clouded but the other's eyes were gleaming with a light that seemed triumphant. It was he who at length broke the silence.

"Alstine, you're the first lawyer that ever said that to me." As Alstine did not reply, he went on. "I am predatory, as you say. But don't think I haven't been preyed on; for I have—mainly by lawyers. There are honest lawyers, I suppose—and then you know, there are lawyers who play in their way the kind of game I play in my way. I've been a client to them all—at least, that is the way I have come to feel."

"When I came to you, Alstine, I came because I thought I knew the sort of man

you were and the sort I thought you were is the sort of lawyer I've been needing for twenty years. I'm getting old and I don't mind telling you, I've changed in a lot of my methods. Now I'm going to tell you something else."

Crewe took two cigars from his pocket, handing one to Alstine, clipping the end of the other and lighting it.

"I'm hard-boiled, but not so suspicious by nature as might have been good for me. But now I've changed in that way too. When you left the bench I didn't have to think twice to know that if you were the man you seemed to be, I wanted you and wanted you bad."

"Thanks," Alstine nodded negligently.

Crewe smiled.

"Don't lose your interest in this conversation, Alstine. I've got something more I want you to hear. When I went to your office yesterday I knew as much about that case as any lawyer—you or anyone else—could ever know; more, maybe. I knew for one thing that there wasn't a Chinaman's chance of getting anywhere with it."

"Crewe!" Alstine was sitting rigid now. "What are you talking about?"

"I told you to pay attention. I say that when I went to your office yesterday, I was feeding you test bait. I wanted to see if you were the kind of lawyer I thought you were and the kind I've got to have, or whether you were just like the ones I've always drawn."

Alstine surveyed the man, flushing vividly.

"You were taking an expensive means of finding out."

"No—" Crewe laughed. "That ten thousand retainer would have been cheap in the end. You see it would have been the last you ever got. And now—" He reached across the table, touching Alstine's arm, a sort of wistful light in his cold eyes.

"And now, Alstine, are you willing to associate with a man who isn't half the crook you think he is?"

"I can keep you pretty busy," Crewe added, breaking a silence. As Alstine did not speak, Crewe spoke with a touch of sharpness. "Am I as dirty as all that, Alstine?"

Alstine smiled, patting the other's hand which still lay upon the table.

"No, Crewe. We'll go along together. That is understood. I wasn't thinking about that at all."

"No?" Crewe was grinning broadly now. "Then what?"

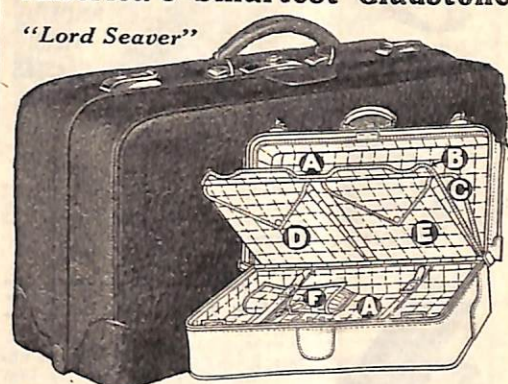
"I was wishing Dick could have stayed to the end of this talk. Somehow I think it would be his due."

"Yes." The two men stared at the vacant place which still seemed vibrant with that brave, youthful personality.

"Yes," Crewe rose from the table. "Well, he'll get his due, I guess. You see—" he glanced at Alstine and winked—"I've got to have that boy when he gets through college—just to keep tabs on his old man."

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MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 16]

was amazed to discover that he was feeling better. He descended to the reception hall with something very much like his natural high spirits.

Tyra was waiting for him. Once again the very sight of her caused his heart to miss a beat and vanquished the last of his doubts.

She was dressed in a simple creation of clinging white stuff. She came swiftly toward him, no hint of restraint in her manner. Both of her hands went out to him and she smiled into his eyes.

"I was terribly thoughtless, Larry," she said.

He smiled down at her. "I felt silly—that's all. I had never been upstairs before. My rooms are very beautiful."

"I have the adjoining suite." She met his eyes fearlessly. "Naturally, the servants must not know that our marriage is different."

He flushed momentarily. "I understand..."

She did almost all of the talking through the meal. She told [Continued on page 62]

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MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 61]

of the marvelous reception given her by Felder and Swayne.

"You would have thought I was their daughter, Larry."

"I know that made you feel better." She raised her eyebrows slightly, as though to signal him that this was their personal secret.

For the balance of the meal he led her to talk of herself and of the picture she was making.

"You see," she said, "it is my first picture which Gustav shall not direct. I think everybody wishes to know whether I am a good actress or whether Gustav is the true genius that I know he is."

"Loyal, aren't you?"

"Why shouldn't I be? Only for him, I would be in Sweden now, instead of in Los Angeles—and mos' gloriously happy."

Their glances clashed. His eyes asked: "Are you?" And hers answered: "Yes." No word was spoken—then or for several minutes.

They moved into the living-room and sat on a lounge some distance from the fireplace. Tyra poured Larry's coffee for him.

Silence fell between them. Occasionally, Tyra tried to make conversation, but she received little help from him.

"You seem ver' moody, Larry."

"I'm not—really, I'm not. Only—well, things have happened rather swiftly and I haven't adjusted my sights."

She smiled. "I feel ver' much like that myself. It is queer to be married . . . even this kind of a marriage. It is not what I always dreamed."

He was alert in an instant. "Have you dreamed of marriage, too?"

"Of course. What girl has not?" She shrugged. "But when one becomes all involved in contracts and such things, then it seems that romance flies out of the door."

"Do you think so, Tyra?"

"Certainly. It is not romantic that two persons should marry just because it is necessary—when it has nothing to do with love."

She glanced at him out of the corners of her eyes, saw the crestfallen expression—and touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. "It is ver' terrible when I talk like that, is it not, Larry? I am sorry. I think you are a so charming young man and I like you ver' much."

He laughed shortly. "Don't mind me, Tyra. I'm just a sentimental young fool. And now that we are married, now that we've definitely embarked upon this thing, I want you to know that you can trust me to do as you wish. You understand?"

"I do, Larry—and I thank you. From the first moment, I knew that you could be trusted."

Eleven o'clock struck. It was she who rose. Somewhat sheepishly he tested the windows and the front door. She waited for him and they walked up the steps together. She paused at the door of her room. There was a moment of hushed awkwardness—then her hand went out to him.

"Good-night, Larry."

He took the hand in both of his with a sudden impulsive gesture.

"Good-night, Tyra."

His voice was husky. For a moment he stared. Then he whirled and walked swiftly down the hall.

He did not look back, and so he did not see her standing motionless where he left her—a faint, tender smile on her lips and in her eyes a look which would have thrilled and bewildered him.

At the end of his first month of married life, Larry Wycoff found himself hopelessly in love and abysmally miserable.

Everything had gone contrary to his dearest hopes. In the brief span of time between his determination to marry and the marriage itself, he had visioned long, delightful evenings alone with Tyra when they would be shut off from the outside world—hours when he would have a chance to know her, to establish a friendship and later, perhaps, to so surround her with a knowledge of his own love that she would, in some small measure, reciprocate.

He was scrupulous in his attitude toward her, and the very fact that he had come to love her with a depth and passion amazing to himself, made him doubly particular about presuming upon the chance which threw them together.

Tyra's interests were vast and absorbing. Her second American picture—"Flames of Desire"—had been given a pre-release in a huge New York theater and was causing audiences and critics to acclaim her as the greatest of all screen discoveries.

Tyra found herself precipitated into the midst of a series of dinners, dances, parties and first nights at theaters. Every day she worked hard at the studio or on location. She reached her home only in time to dress for dinner—usually a formal or semi-formal affair at the palatial home of some other star.

Without protest or argument, with never a suggestion that he despised the masquerade, Larry acted the part of Tyra's husband, and he acted it well. Once, during that first month, she gave a great dinner at their home.

For perhaps half an hour before the first guests arrived, he was alone with Tyra. She was moving about downstairs, radiant as a girl, excited as a child over her party. She wore a deceptively simple gown of emerald and silver from which her warm flesh rose like a bit of gossamer. She was maddeningly beautiful.

She smiled up at him as he descended the stairway in his evening clothes.

"Our first party!" she breathed.

He walked about with her, congratulating her on everything. Then he faced her very gravely and spoke words which came unbidden from his heart.

"Tyra," he said, "you are the most beautiful creature in the world."

She flushed and her eyes dropped beneath his gaze.

"I am ver' happy to hear you say that, Larry, even though I know you exaggerate mos' terribly."

His voice dropped to a whisper. "Does it mean anything to you that I think it?"

"But of course—" Her gaze met his—almost too innocently. "Why should it not make a woman happy that her husband thinks she is beautiful?"

He opened his lips to speak—then closed them without a word. Tyra's poise maddened him. There was no restraint in her manner, no apparent recognition of the fact that there was anything unusual in their domestic relationship.

Yet there were moments when he caught her eyes fixed broodingly upon him . . . as though she were thinking . . . thinking of him . . . and of herself . . . He tried once or twice to capitalize these elusive moments, to trick her into speech while the mood was upon her. But always she eluded him.

Her friends—associates from the movie world—were meticulously polite to him. They went out of their way to convince him that they did not understand his absurd position in Tyra's life.

Julia Morehouse was a free lance scenario writer only because she did not care to accept any of the glittering con-

tracts which were offered her by the leading companies.

She was a peculiarly attractive woman, yet her best friend could not have called her pretty. Perhaps twenty-eight years of age and of slightly more than average height, she had an excellent, erect figure which she clothed in severe garments.

Her chief value, was in preparing scenarios for men and women who were in the process of becoming stars. And it was because of this genius of hers that Aragon quite naturally paid her a huge sum to prepare an original for Tyra Karlson.

She visited the Aragon lot and watched Tyra at work. She dined at the colonial home on the hill near Hollywood. Her big, black eyes saw many things . . . She engaged Tyra in long conversations regarding the new story, attempting to draw her out.

Without probing or prying, the situation in the home became crystal clear to Julia. She saw that Larry was passionately in love with his wife and that he was forbidden the joy of declaration. She saw that Tyra took him for granted. There were moments when Julia fancied that Tyra loved the man to whom she was married, and it occurred to her that nothing was happening to waken Tyra to her own feelings.

It was a situation which appealed forcefully to the dramatic instinct of Julia Morehouse.

She liked Larry. She saw the big heart and the natural fineness of the man. That he loved Tyra, Julia could not doubt. It blazed from his eyes and showed in every gesture. Julia was very glad when Tyra rose from the lounge one night and declared that she simply couldn't be of any help.

"I know I am ver' stupid, Julia, but all of this you say sounds wonderful and yet you say it is not wonderful."

"It's this way, Tyra," explained Larry eagerly. "She knows exactly what is going to happen, but she doesn't like the way it happens. It's too trite."

Julia flashed him a smile. "You've got it, Larry. It's a matter of technique. I want a better route to the same end."

Tyra flung out her hands to both of them. "Then you and Larry work together on this," Tyra suggested. "If it is not too much trouble for Larry."

He looked up quickly. "I get quite a kick out of it."

Half an hour later a party of friends burst loudly into the house and demanded that Tyra join them. They became doubly vociferous at sight of Julia Morehouse. She smiled and waved her hand.

"Run along, all of you. Larry and I are working."

The merrymakers trooped out of the house, carrying Tyra with them.

Larry was sitting forward on the lounge, staring down at the rug. He was apparently oblivious to the woman at his side and she watched him in fascination. His face betrayed his feelings. . . .

"Did I do the wrong thing, Larry?"

"What do you mean? The wrong thing?"

"By suggesting that Tyra go with them?"

He laughed shortly. "Don't be silly."

"I'm not," she said steadily. "I'm asking whether you wouldn't have preferred to join the party?"

"Good God, No!" He rose and walked across the room where he stood with his back turned to her. "I'm fed up on parties. I'm a fool for expecting them to receive me as one of the crowd. I'm not, and never will be."

"You're wrong. As Tyra's husband—"

He flashed her a keen glance, which she returned without evasion. He bit his lip

and turned away, his cheeks growing suddenly pale. "Let's see what we can do with that story," he suggested.

At midnight the party returned, jovial and boisterous. Tyra was delivered into the living-room, flushed and laughing.

"I should be ashamed of myself," she declared. "I go out and enjoy myself while you two acquire headaches over my story."

"We've enjoyed it," said Larry. "At least, I can guarantee that I have."

"And I," agreed Julia. "I'm sick to death of your old parties."

"You Julia! You'll be getting arty next. Come on, let's drive you home."

"I have my car."

"Alone, I'll bet. No chauffeur."

"Right-O."

"Here's hoping you don't get held up." They said good-night and swept out of the house, tornado-fashion.

Then Julia donned her rather mannish hat. She held out a firm hand to Larry. "Soon again," she suggested quietly. "I think we'll be a lot of help to each other."

He flushed and nodded. Then he and Tyra conveyed her to the curb. As she drove away Larry stood staring after the car and therefore he did not see Tyra's eyes fixed intently upon him.

Her eyes were half closed.

Tyra was beginning to wonder. . . .

Julia Morehouse altered the current of Larry's domestic life.

To Julia it was readily apparent that Tyra cared deeply for her husband. Once or twice she caught Tyra's troubled glance bent upon her when she was engrossed in discussion with Larry. She fancied that she detected a hint of jealousy in Tyra's manner. Once she tried to discuss the matter by complimenting Larry fulsomely. Tyra's eyes brightened:

"He is a wonderful man, Julia."

"He's the nicest I ever met," affirmed the older woman.

"I know it. Only—"

"What?"

"Well, he does not laugh very much."

"There isn't much for him to laugh about, is there, Tyra?"

"Why not try to give him a little of yourself? Why not picnic with him occasionally? Why not just sit at home with him evenings instead of always entertaining or being entertained?"

"He does not ask me," she said in a queer, strained voice.

"Would you like him to?"

The girl's cheeks were pale. "I would like it ver' much, Julia. But you must not tell him so."

Tyra was afraid to confess to herself how deeply she had come to care for her husband. She knew that he meant a very great deal to her and that many a night she had sat at her window, staring out into the moonlight and wondering what it was that put the light of brooding unhappiness in Larry's eyes.

Impulsively, she reached a logical but ghastly conclusion. She came to believe that Larry had once thought that he might fall in love with her, but that since their marriage he had learned definitely that he could not. The doubt seeped into her heart, and brought pain. There was no question in her mind that he did not love her. If he did—why didn't he say so? She tingled at the thought of what her response would be.

"Flames of Desire" had been a sensational success. "The Blonde Orchid" directed by Gustav Fumhjelms was rapidly nearing completion. Julia Morehouse was at work on another story, working arduously over details. Big hearted and generous, she suffered because her [Continued on page 64]

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MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 63]

mind readily solved technical details of the plot, and could not cope with an apparently simple situation in real life. She could not go to Tyra and say: "You are in love with your husband, why don't you tell him so?" Tyra wasn't the sort that one could speak bluntly to. Larry... well, she was a woman and could therefore dare more with him.

"For a brainy man," she observed, "You are a most colossal idiot."

"Keno, Julia. But what suddenly awakened you to the fact?"

"Something that's none of my business." She hesitated briefly, then took the plunge. "It's you and Tyra."

She saw the mask of reserve settle on his sensitive face.

"Why don't you go out with her sometimes?"

"I do. Constantly."

"Alone, I mean?"

"I don't know... She is very fond of parties and of being with people."

"Try it once," she suggested crisply. "It might work out to something."

He speculated long and intently on what she said. He had been more than a little embarrassed by her friendly interest. He knew what she meant... that she had peered into his soul and had seen that it was filled with love for Tyra. Two nights later he and Tyra finished their dinner—miraculously alone. She seemed more than a trifle tired. Now, as William disappeared into the pantry, he raised his eyes to hers rather shyly.

"Tyra, how about taking a little ride with me this evening? Just the two of us?"

She sat very straight. Fire seemed to leap into her eyes.

"Where, Larry?"

"Anywhere. You seem a bit tired."

She clapped her hands and rose from

the table. "I think it will be ver' delightful."

A quarter of an hour later they were purring out toward Venice.

They talked very little. The atmosphere of the car was surcharged with restraint.

They rolled into Venice with its blaze of lights and thunder of gaiety. He glanced at Tyra and saw that her eyes were fixed upon the roller coaster and that they were sparkling.

"Let's!" he suggested.

She understood instantly. Like two irresponsible children they dashed for the gates of the roller coaster and settled themselves into a seat. The train of tiny cars climbed heavenward, then swooped breath-takingly down. Tyra screamed and instinctively her arms went out. He flung his arm around her pliant body and held her close... they went up again, then down once more... Larry's head was whirling, not from the ride, but from the acute consciousness of physical contact with the woman whom he loved and to whom he was married.

And then the ride was finished and they stepped from the platform. He glanced at her covertly, wondering whether it were possible that she had been as alive to the contact as he had...

They rode slowly back toward their home. It was well past midnight. Her eyes were soft and dreamy...

At the door of her room she held out her hand to him.

"It has been glorious, Larry. I hope we will go again soon."

"You mean that—really?"

"Yes, Larry."

"Then we will!" he promised. "Very soon."

But they did not go soon again to Venice. Not for a long, long time...

(To be Continued)

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 57]

Noble J. F. Reisman of Tangier Temple, Omaha, is a veteran railroad engineer. For a long time every day he watched at a certain point for a little boy who always waited there near the track to him. After a while he noticed that the little chap was a cripple. Through the station agent Mr. Reisman met the boy and an investigation proved him to be within the Shrine regulations.

So the boy was hospitalized in Omaha, often visited by his big new friend and his wife. Now he has progressed to the convalescent stage. But Mr. and Mrs. Reisman see still another duty, and they are going to keep the little boy at their home until he has fully recovered. This is the Shrine spirit. * * *

A handsome boy by the name of Bruce Slater lived in Charleston, W. Va. But his legs were crossed just above the knees, there was very little hip movement, and he walked with the greatest difficulty. Dr. J. A. Work of Blue Creek took him to the St. Louis hospital, which he entered on December 6th, 1926. He was treated there for 14 months, and left happy and smiling. He must use crutches, but Dr. Abbott, the chief surgeon, believes he will soon be able to discard them. * * *

A grateful couple write to one of the hospitals:

"Our little girl, Verna, who has been a patient at the Shriners Hospital for the past



Noble J. F. Reisman, Tangier, Omaha, and Mrs. Reisman, with the crippled child they are befriending.

twenty-one weeks, is again at home with us—quite well and happy.

"We are indeed grateful to all who aided in restoring her to health and strength."

"Yours truly, Father and Mother."

"I consider my Golf game and a good night's Sleep

the

TWO ESSENTIALS FOR HEALTH"

says

JAMES E. CHANDLER

PURE, clean, wholesome air—and rest! Proper rest—sound, invigorating sleep that fits a man for the next day's job. That's the prescription Mr. Chandler recommends.

"For complete relaxation and thorough rest the Simmons Mattress and Ace Spring are unequalled," continues Mr. Chandler.

The reason is—the construction. For many years the Simmons Company has studied the making of the finest type of sleeping equipment.

Physicians, hospitals, colleges and individuals have helped in this work of "studying sleep." The results of this study are built in the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring.

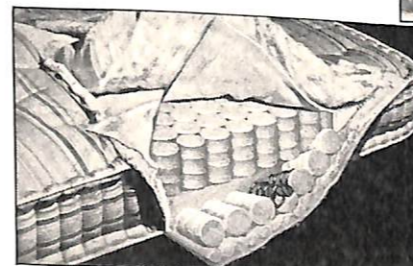
The Ace Spring is developed from the old "spiral spring" idea. But more coils are used, and they are better made—tempered to have just the right "give." Small springs keep these spirals in place, preventing side sway.

The Beautyrest Mattress, too, is unique. Its center is made up of hundreds of resilient wire coils, each permanently anchored in its individual pocket. Over these is placed layer upon layer of luxuriously soft matting. The result: the mattress follows the outline of the body supporting it, resting it.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



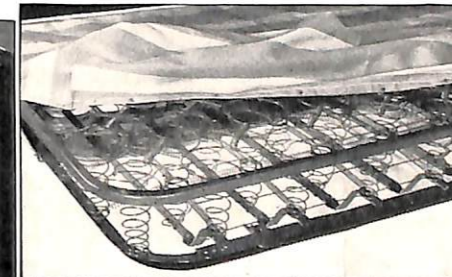
James E. Chandler, President of the Meridan Creamery Co.—makers of the famous A.B.C. butter (12,000,000 lbs. a year sold in Philadelphia alone.) Mr. Chandler is also a Director of the Gate City National Bank



Simmons Beautyrest—A center of close packed, springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could give such complete repose



The comfort, the durability, the fine quality of the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring—are apparent the minute you see them

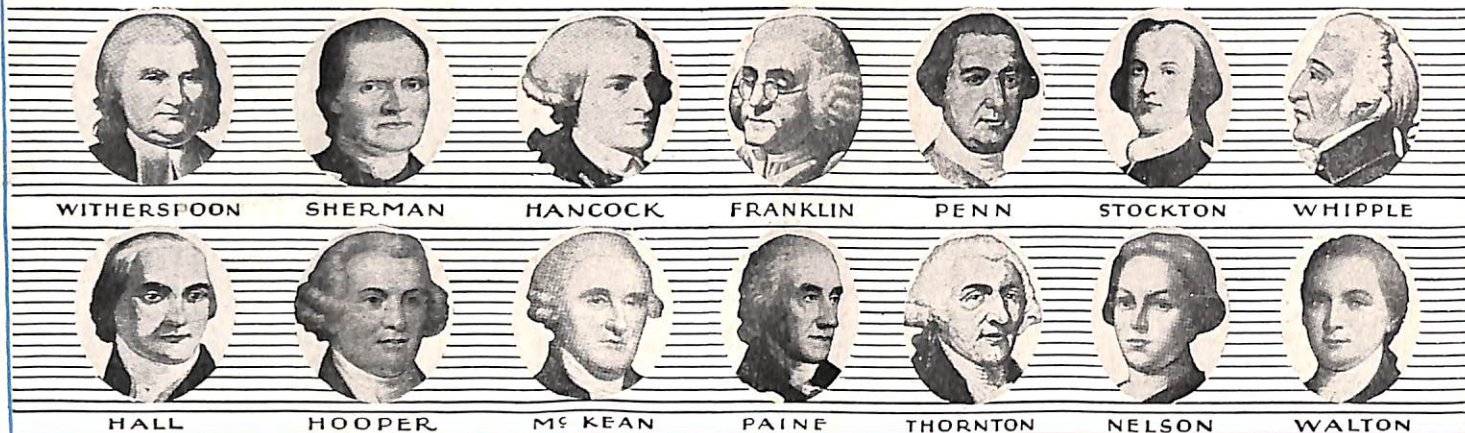


The Simmons Ace Spring—an extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box-spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-covers additional

BEDS • SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS [BUILT FOR SLEEP]

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which connect them with another, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.



Fourteen Signers of the Declaration of Independence were Master Masons.



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- Share in surplus.
- Release from further premium payments if you are disabled; your policy kept in full force.
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INDEPENDENCE

Every Insurance Policy is a Declaration of Independence, a charter of economic freedom. He who holds one has overcome adversity.—Calvin Coolidge.

IN 1869 the Congress of the United States chartered an Insurance Service Institution for Master Masons and their beneficiaries which forever was to be conducted for their sole benefit and not for profit.

That Institution has grown to be the Acacia Mutual Life Association of today, an organization which operates insurance service stations in all sections of the country, extending its protection into more than 110,000 of the Nation's best homes.

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William Montgomery, President
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